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BUILDING A BATTLE-SHIP: COMPLETING THE NEW IRONCLAD "MAJESTIC" IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is strange how sickness will revolutionise everything, including the almanack. When one is well one counts upon the summer. The first swallow is a pleasant sight, and we dislike the proverb that doubts its office as a herald. We seem already to hear the murmur of the leaves and the ripple of the summer sea; we have no fear about finding companions everywhere, and make our plans for accompanying our friends upon their holiday. To the sick man, if he is so crippled as to be compelled to keep at home, all these things have ceased to be. He gets a glimpse of trees and turf, perhaps, in a town garden; but the music of bird and bee and all the sweet voices of nature are dumb to him: he must be content with some picture upon his wall for the sight of the woods and fields. It is a lost summer for him. It is the autumn, however, that is his melancholy time—not because it heralds the winter, far from it, but because his friends fall off like the leaves; first one and then another, and then the whole flock of them fly as the swallows fly. Only his dearest and nearest is left to him, longing for his sake for the time when they shall come back to him. It is a strange experience, when it happens for the first time, this being left in London quite alone. There are, it is true, three or four millions of our fellow-creatures within call, but they don't call. The front door, "so frequent on its hinge before," is closed for the dull season. Even the tax-collector omits to visit us, not from philanthropic reasons, but because he thinks we are out of town. Now and then some good soul, staying but one day in the metropolis on his way from Norway to Jericho, drops in in a marvellous costume, but presently even these birds of passage fail us, and we are alone. It is a beautiful autumn, and selfish and ungrateful indeed we should be were we not glad of it for their sakes; but, as regards ourselves, we shall welcome the drip, drip of the rain and the gust that shakes the shivering trees and snatches at their scanty garments, because we know that bad weather will turn the faces of those we love towards home.

In future, we are told, "a regular staff of dentists, under a Brigade-Dentist-Major-General," is to accompany all military expeditions. The order has been evoked by an extraordinary prevalence of toothache among the officers engaged at Chitral. They have so distinguished themselves that their reputation for valour is beyond question, but there is no man whose breast is so protected by triple brass that he does not fear the toothache. Many a warrior have I known who pales and blanches at the idea of having his ivory "looked at" (a euphonious expression for many tortures), till the long agony of toothache screws his courage up to make "an appointment," and keep it. De Quincey remarks that if it were a dangerous disease it would be considered the greatest curse of the human race. Still, I have my doubts whether this well-intentioned edict of the War Office is a judicious one. For when even a peaceful man has the toothache he does not care what happens, but is endowed with the courage of despair. Sea-sickness alone produces the same indifference to Fate, but sea-sickness is sluggish. Toothache turns "the sluggard's blood to flame, the coward's heart to steel," and should not therefore be lightly dispensed with. The fury it evokes is excessive, and lasts much longer than Dutch courage. I have known a philosopher thus afflicted express a desire to run amuck and destroy everybody. I have even known a man with a "raging tooth" tell his mother-in-law what he thinks of her. In the face of an enemy—unless they are in very inferior numbers—I can fancy myself having all sorts of aches, demanding immediate removal to the hospital; but give me toothache, and (while it lasted) I should be very formidable.

There is a story told of Peter the Great in the character of a dentist which strikes one as very characteristic of his impulsive and high-handed ways. Peter had studied dentistry, in common with most other useful arts, and plumed himself on his dexterity in drawing a tooth, though one finds no record of his giving himself the trouble to stop one. Observing one of his *valets de chambre* to be in bad spirits, he asked what was the matter (an unexpected trait in Peter), and was told that it was the spectacle of his wife suffering from toothache that so distressed him. "Why doesn't she have it out?" inquired the Czar, beginning to feel the professional instinct. "I can't persuade her, Sire; she always pretends not to suffer when we wish to give her ease, but renews her lamentations (which distress me to hear) when the dentist is dismissed." "Let me see her," said the Czar; "I'll cure her." He was introduced to her apartment, and, in spite of her protestations of there being nothing the matter, examined her mouth. Having satisfied himself as to which was the peccant molar, the Czar said to the husband: "Hold her head and arms and she shall be cured in an instant." Then, in spite of her cries, he extracted her tooth with great address, and without the aid of an anæsthetic. Hearing a few days afterwards that the whole affair was a trick of the valet to torture his wife, with whom he had quarrelled, the Czar beat him within an inch of his life—not so much, it was shrewdly suspected, on account of the deception practised upon

him, as because it had caused him to make an incorrect diagnosis.

The ancients, we are told, had a great opinion of their teeth as being "the principles of their being," and when they fell out, "buried them with care." Certain philosophers have even expressed their opinion that they are given us to restrain the tongue, so as to prevent it from speaking "without due consideration," which is rather curious when such very severe things are said of "too much jaw." Pherecrates was born toothless—and so continued to the end of his life. (Schenk. Obs. Med. 1. I. Obs. 3, p. 188.) (For facility of reference, and also because the statement may be doubted, I give my authority.) Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, Plutarch tells us, had the usual complement of teeth in his lower jaw, but on the upper one continued bone throughout the gum. "A noble virgin in my time," saith Melancthon, "at the Court of Ernestus, Duke of Lunenburg, had two entire bones instead of teeth, and she was of great gravity and virtue." No mistakes in taking out a wrong molar could have happened to her; but, on the other hand, a toothache, when she had it, probably "meant business." Louis XIII. had a double row of teeth, which was "sometimes rather a hindrance to the readiness of his speech. In 'Barthol de Luce Homin' (a book that no gentleman's library should be without) we are told of one Nicholas Sojerus, a Belgian, who had "a set of teeth of such an unusual property that, being struck upon, they sparkled fire. This was delivered me as a certain truth by his own brother, Gulielmus Sojerus, a person well skilled in his Greek learning." No one with a respect for culture will doubt this witness. Here are two historical facts with relation to teeth, which are nevertheless very likely unknown to the College of Dentists. "In 1372, when the Emperor Charles the Fourth resided above the Rhine, one night in his sleep one of his grinders dropped out, and another immediately" (one wonders how soon) "came in its place, which was the greater surprise, seeing that the Emperor was then in the seventy-first year of his age." Again, Fuller tells us in his "Holy State" that since the time of the great pestilence in Edward the Third's reign all that have been born have two cheek-teeth less than they had before, which will be also news to all but the scientific, and perhaps even to them.

An American "scientist," I read, "is studying the language of house-flies, which can be distinctly heard by means of a microphone." If he succeeds in this he ought to make an excellent reporter for a society paper. A fly must see and hear a good deal of what is going on in "the inner life" of a domestic establishment, and a blue-bottle, to judge by his buzzing, should be a great gossip. It will be interesting to learn whether being upside down—when traversing the ceiling, for example—makes any difference in their views of matters. There is no reason why this investigation should stop at flies. Spiders, we are told on excellent authority, are in kings' palaces (which does not speak well, by the bye, for the royal housemaids), and their information should, therefore, be well worth reporting. One would also like to hear what the spider has to say of the fly, the account of their relations having hitherto been very one-sided.

This was in the *Times* advertisements the other day: "Cook, Gentleman. Club cooking. Will take a little shooting. Active." How funnily it reads! Even in a Pall Mall club, where, if one is to believe the Radical papers, there is no respect for human life, no cook, however good, would be permitted to shoot over the premises. A good cook is, indeed, allowed to do almost anything, including the hitting his kitchen-maids over the head with the rolling-pin; but firearms he must not use, however his artistic nature may be exasperated. I remember one, charged with threatening to murder the house steward, being defended gallantly in committee upon the ground that one could not make omelettes without breaking of eggs, and that his omelettes were beyond reproach. Another swore he would kill and fry the butler. The monosyllable "fry" saved him, it sounded so appetising, and he was such a light hand with whitebait. But firearms are never allowed to be carried even by a cook. My impression is that the advertisement refers to grouse-shooting. The cook's means did not admit of his taking a moor, and he proposes to throw in his skill instead of a subscription. Perhaps there was a time, before he became a *chef*, when he was a sportsman. I noticed the other day that among the professions open to decayed gentlemen that of a cook had not been exploited. Of course, between knowing what is good to eat and knowing how to cook it, there is as great a gulf as between appreciating a good story and the being able to tell one. Still, if one has a taste for anything (including cooking, I suppose) it can always be cultivated. There is nothing humiliating in a member of a club who has met with pecuniary misfortunes becoming its cook. There is no one held in such respect, or allowed more his own way. Complaints against him are received with extreme caution by the committee. Mr. Jones finds fault with an entrée, but does Mr. Jones know what it ought to be? It is not so much the cook who is really on his trial as Mr. Jones. The secretary is instructed to write him a

soothing letter to say that the thing shall not happen again, and to give the cook a sovereign to salve his wounded feelings. The more one thinks of it, the more convenient the proposition respecting the moor strikes one. He would select the tender birds at sight for the private eating of the party, and the old ones to send to one's friends. All notion of "roughing it" as regards the culinary department (abhorrent to all civilised natures) is hereby done away with. In process of time we shall doubtless see a good moor advertised with its cook, who will be considered (on account of his time for sport being curtailed by his duties) as half a gun.

A great deal has been written of late concerning the Art—with a very large A—of short-story telling, but not always with knowledge. It is asserted that only a few writers are endowed with this gift, whereas there are novelists who can spin a three-volume yarn like spiders out of their own—well, consciousness, in plenty. This, to put it mildly, is not quite the case; indeed, the facts are precisely the opposite. A good novelist is almost always capable of writing a good short story, whereas a good short-story writer is very often incapable of writing a novel. It is the same with the poets: very few of them have been equal to an epic, but a good many have distinguished themselves by "swallow-flights" of song. As to fiction, it is invidious to mention names, but all who are really acquainted with the subject could point to several living writers who have made their mark in the magazines and elsewhere, but who, when venturing upon a more sustained work, have proved unequal to the task. The capability of writing a short story is not a "gift" in itself; the difference between it and the capability of writing a long one is not in kind, but in degree. There is a great deal of merit in miniature-painting, but very few miniature-painters have succeeded on the canvas. The masters of English fiction did not much affect the short story: partly, no doubt, because there was no opening for them such as exists nowadays. That Scott, for example, could write them admirably had he been so minded is evident, since he wrote "Wandering Willie's Tale"; but in modern times all the great writers have tried their hands at them, and, of course, succeeded. Indeed, they generally began with them, and as their wings grew stronger essayed longer flights. The pen that wrote "Adam Bede" also wrote the "Sketches of Clerical Life"; that which wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit" wrote the "Christmas Carol"; and the grim biographer of "Uncle Silas" gave us "In a Glass Darkly"—the finest short stories of their kind that have ever been written.

Mr. Stanley Weyman began his literary career by telling short stories, and very good ones they were; and now, having made his reputation on a broader basis, he has returned to them in the volume called "From the Memoirs of a Minister of France." It is a very pleasant collection; the incidents are slight, the personages concerned in them often of small account; but everything has the air of having really happened. Admiration of Mr. Weyman's works has been expressed in many ways, but while the "style" of some writers who have little else to recommend them has been dwelt upon, I do not remember him to have been praised in this particular. Yet no other pen excels him in this matter. In the prefatory page of this very book we have an example of it. M. de Rosny thus introduces his memoirs and his first extract from them—

Foreseeing that some who do not love me will be swift to allege that in the preparation of these memoirs I have set down only such things as redound to my credit, and have suppressed the many experiences not so propitious which fall to the lot of the most sagacious while in power, I take this opportunity of refuting that calumny. For the truth stands so far the other way that my respect for the King's person has led me to omit many things creditable to me; and some, it may be, that place me in a higher light than any I have set down. And not only that; but I propose in this very place to narrate the curious details of an adventure wherein I showed to less advantage than usual, and on which I should, were I moved by the petty feelings imputed to me by malice, be absolutely silent.

There is surely a simplicity of style here that is very rare, and reminds one of Defoe, save that it has more grace in it. The stories have all the vraisemblance of that author, interspersed with allusions, often unintelligible to the modern reader, but which he takes for granted as being well understood by M. de Rosny's contemporaries. Though it is clear the author has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of the time, there is not a trace of that "cram" about the book which has disillusioned so many lovers of historical romance. The story called "La Toussaint," for example, portrays the whole Court of Henri Quatre and its ways—a history in a nutshell. It is difficult, where so high a level of excellence is maintained throughout, to decide which is the best of the Minister's experiences, but perhaps "The Lost Cipher" will prove to be the "first favourite." At all events, none will be found to deny that the author of "A Gentleman of France" can write short stories.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PRINCE OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG  
AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The Hereditary Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, whose betrothal to Princess Alexandra, third daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, we announced recently, is a grandson of the Duchess of Kent, which gives additional interest to the affair in this country. The bridegroom is the only son of the Governor-General of Alsace-Lorraine, and the German Empress is his first cousin. Since he left the German Embassy in London, where he acted as an Attaché, the Prince has been living at Strasburg. Last year, it may be recollected, his sister married the Hereditary Prince of Leiningen. The betrothal seems to have given general satisfaction, and the young and charming Princess Alexandra has received many congratulations. She was seen at many society functions last season, in company with her two married sisters, whom she resembles very much.

THE BUILDING OF  
A BATTLE-SHIP.

Longfellow has sung of "The Building of the Ship," but it yet remains for some pen to describe picturesquely the various operations through which a huge man-of-war passes until it is launched for service. Down at the docks, even the men engaged in constructing a ship know only, as a rule, their individual duties; and few there are who could explain the relations between each separate part of the enterprise. No such impressive picture of concentrated strength could well be found as exists in a battleship such as the *Majestic*, which our Illustration shows in process of building. The monster vessel is one of the most forcible examples of the progress we have made in the art of war, and, fitted though she be for her work, we trust the day is far distant when the *Majestic* may go into action.

## THE AMERICA CUP.

With regard to the race which we illustrate in this issue it is unnecessary to recapitulate, for already full particulars have been given. The latest phase of the matter has been a fresh challenge on the part of Mr. C. D. Rose; but, according to the *Times*, the notion that Mr. Rose's challenge for the America Cup is intended as a censure upon Lord Dunraven and a vindication of the Cup Committee and the New York Yacht Club still prevails in New York. There is, moreover, a persevering attempt in some influential quarters to represent the Prince of Wales as being behind Mr. Rose. It has grown more marked since last week. One leading New York journal prints a long interview with an unnamed member of the Savage Club, London, who presents himself as a kind of interpreter between the Prince and the American public. The American public is given to understand that the Prince has promoted this challenge by Mr. Rose as a matter of high politics. The Savage oracle declares that "Lord Dunraven ceased to be a satisfactory political agent when he ceased to be a dove with an olive-branch." Lord Dunraven was expected "to advance national tendencies," and, in fact, came as an emissary from the Prince, or under his influence. This sort of trivial nonsense seems to be greedily devoured by one section of the American public.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN:  
RIGHT HON. SIR F. LASCELLES, G.C.M.G.

The transfer of Sir Frank Lascelles, as British Ambassador, from St. Petersburg to Berlin, is an important step in the diplomatic service. Anyone might esteem it an honour to succeed Sir Edward Malet, who has done splendid service amid changes numerous and sudden enough to perplex the wisest. The Right Hon. Sir Frank Cavendish Lascelles, G.C.M.G., who has been selected for this important post, has a record which may well encourage the belief that he will distinguish himself still more brilliantly at the Court of Berlin. He is the second son of the late Right Hon. William Sebright Lascelles, M.P. (who was third son of the second

Ambassador in Berlin has naturally acquired that *savoir faire* and tact which are so needful to one holding his responsibilities. Great Britain may be proud of all her representatives in every European Court, and among them she can regard with special confidence the Right Hon. Sir Frank Lascelles.

THE EMPRESS THEATRE AT THE  
INDIA EXHIBITION.

Imperial, of a truth, is the magnificent spectacle which Mr. Imre Kiralfy has, since its first presentation a few weeks ago, brought to perfection on the huge stage at Earl's Court, and, even when the coming of chill October diminishes the crowd of pleasure-seekers who now

nightly throng the grounds and gardens of "India in London," the Empress Theatre will still, we are convinced, draw its thousands and its tens of thousands of amusement-lovers to revel in the superb pageant and play which Mr. Kiralfy has invented all for their delight. "India," as shown in this imposing and beautiful spectacular drama, is in truth an object-lesson, vivid, convincing, entrancing, in the wonder and glory of our empire in the East. The clever creator of the vast show has condensed the whole story of India: its ancient glories, its ancient barbarism, its ancient rites and customs, its conquest and sequent development under the influence of Western civilisation, into a three hours' epitome of one of the strangest, most romantic, most thrilling narratives of the conquest of a great people by a greater, which can be found in the history of the world. Imre Kiralfy waves his wand, and, as though we had exchanged our seat in the prosaic "Metropolitan District" carriage for one upon the magic carpet of Tangu, we are in India, in the far-off days of the fierce Mahmoud, watching his soldiers as they overrun the ancient city of Somnath; or we watch with kindling eyes the reception of the three great Englishmen who sailed away eastward in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, and opened up for "John Company" the rich, romantic Orient, in which England was one day to find an empire which should help to make her well-nigh mistress of the world. Another wave of the wand, and we are back in Portsmouth, watching, with quickened pulses and a lump in the throat, the departure of a troop-ship, with all



Photo E. Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

PRINCE ERNEST OF HOHENLOHE-LANGENBURG AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Earl of Harewood), and is fifty-four years old. At the age of twenty he entered the diplomatic service, going to Paris and Madrid. For a brief period in 1867 he acted as Chargé d'Affaires at Berlin; appointed a second secretary, he went to Copenhagen in 1871, proceeding afterwards to Rome, Washington, Athens, and again Rome. He was thrice Acting Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, then Agent and Consul-General in Bulgaria in 1879. From 1886 to 1891 Sir Frank was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Roumania, proceeding subsequently in the same capacity to Teheran; thence, in 1894, he was called to succeed the late Sir Robert Morier as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. He was created K.C.M.G. in 1886, and six years afterwards promoted G.C.M.G. Sir Frank married, in 1867, a daughter of the late Sir Joseph Francis Olliffe; one of his sons is an Attaché at St. Petersburg. Having spent his life in all quarters of the globe, our new

its stirring suggestions of British heroism, and all its pathos of farewells. And so the hours go by. We see the ancient barbarisms, national and personal, slaughterer and "suttee," and side by side with them the ancient splendours of our Eastern Empire, and we see, too, the English heroes and statesmen, and watch the incidents which have made India all that it is to-day. It is no light task, no unworthy achievement, thus to teach, in a rapid sequence of splendid scenes, a prosaic generation what India is and has been, and Mr. Kiralfy and all who are associated with the great production may well feel proud of their work. So admirable and so fascinating is "India" that there is no apparent reason why it should not fill the huge theatre at Earl's Court for many months to come. It is impressive, beautiful, fascinating, instructive, and therefore appeals to every taste, and to miss seeing it would be to miss what must be held, even in an age of exceptional enterprises, a giant among giants.



## THE LOSS OF THE "EDAM."

For a second time within a brief period there has been a shipping disaster in the Channel, happily attended by no



Photo Crockett, Plymouth.  
CAPTAIN BRUINSMA, OF THE STEAM-SHIP "EDAM."

loss of life, although in each case the steamer has been irretrievably sunk. Shortly before one o'clock on Thursday morning, Sept. 19, the Netherland-American mail steamship *Edam*, 2267 tons, was run down in a dense fog by the Anglo-Ara-

bian and Persian Steam-ship Company's steamer *Turkistan*. The latter was of superior tonnage, and was bound from London to Cardiff in ballast. The *Edam* was returning from New York to Rotterdam, and carried a crew of fifty under Captain Bruinsma, and about forty-five passengers. The *Turkistan* collided with the *Edam*, whose signals she had been answering for some time, abaft the port engine-room, causing tremendous damage. A large hole was made, too, in the *Turkistan's* bow. With remarkable restraint of excitement, all those on board the *Edam* prepared for the sinking of the steamer. Fortunately, the Brixham trawler *Vulture* (Captain Drew) had heard the collision, and was quickly alongside. All the *Edam's* crew and passengers were safely transferred to the trawler, which made for Plymouth. The disabled steamer sank stern first within three hours of the accident. The British steamer *Beresford*, meeting the trawler, and learning of the disaster, kindly towed the *Vulture* into Plymouth Sound, and its captain and crew were gratefully cheered on arrival. All the shipwrecked passengers, who were chiefly poor Russians, Germans, Dutchmen, and Italians, were accommodated, on landing at Plymouth, in the Sailors' Home. Every attention was shown to the unfortunate people, who were minus all their luggage, and in many cases had very scanty apparel. Nothing was more impressive in the incident than the calm attention to duty shown by all the sailors concerned, and the presence of mind exhibited by everyone. The passengers were conveyed to London on Friday, and departed for Holland. The captain and crew, of course,

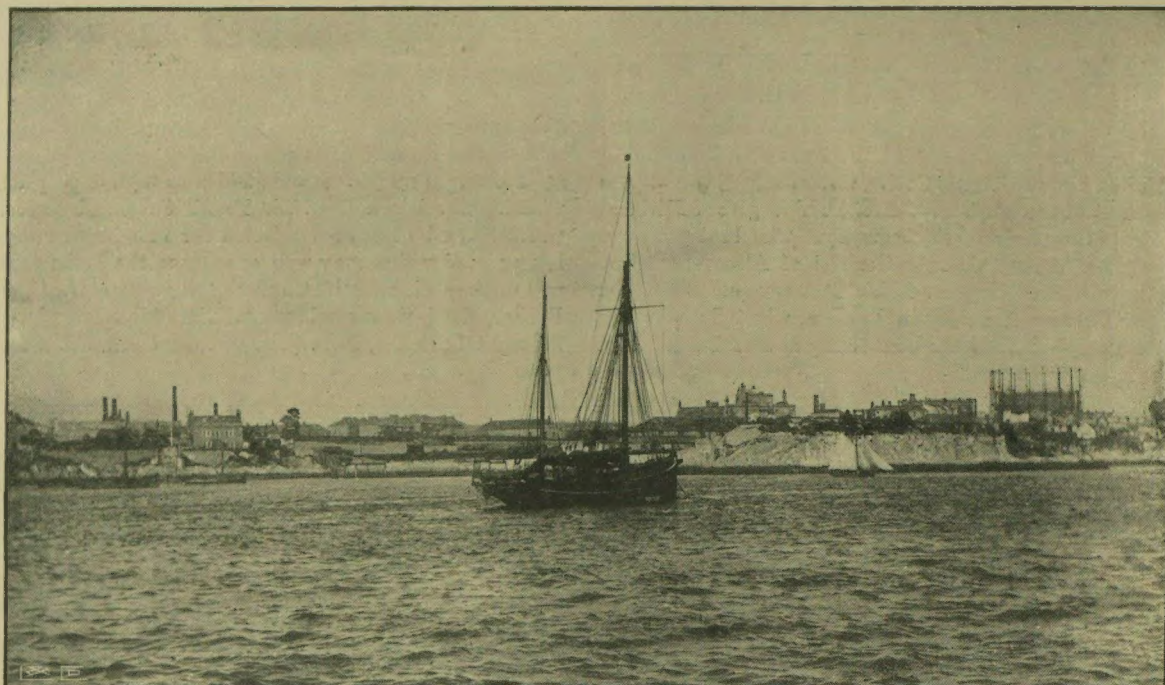
will remain in this country until after the inquiry as to the cause of the collision. The *Turkistan* (Captain Wall) proceeded to Cardiff, where she is anchored in the basin.

which we give in connection with the event show the *Edam* and the *Turkistan* afloat. The captain of the former has been very unfortunate on previous voyages,

through no fault of his own, so that this affair is the more unfortunate. The accident on Sept. 19 was one of those disasters for which the Channel fog, so feared by seamen, was responsible. The confusion produced on the mind and on the ear by one of these sudden atmospheric troubles is so great that one can only wonder at the many accidents which are averted rather than total those which occur. As yet we have no means of accurately gauging sound under the conditions of a sea-fog, and all chance of determining distance is often lost under the misty shroud which falls so swiftly upon the water. Every precaution appears to have been taken on this particular occasion, and certainly after the collision everything was done to mitigate the misery of those concerned. The captain and crew of the *Vulture* can look back on the part they played early on that grey September morning with every satisfaction, for they did, what all British mariners may be trusted to do, their duty. Pending the inquiry, it would be unjust to pass any opinion as to

Her injuries are severe; the stem is damaged from the keel upwards. Even the steel plates, which are five-eighths of an inch thick, are much bent. The Illustrations

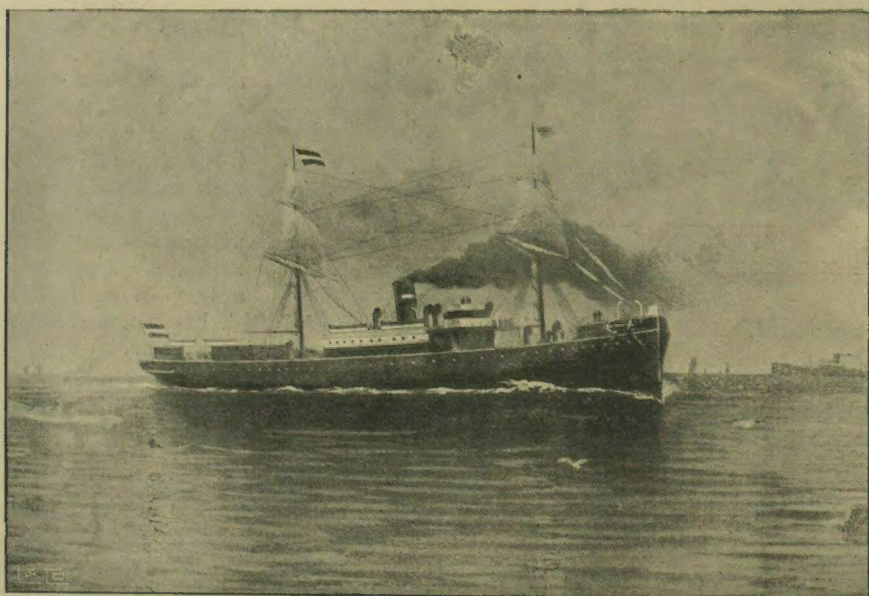
the collision itself. We may, however, heartily congratulate those who were shipwrecked under such trying circumstances upon their ultimate safe arrival in their homes.



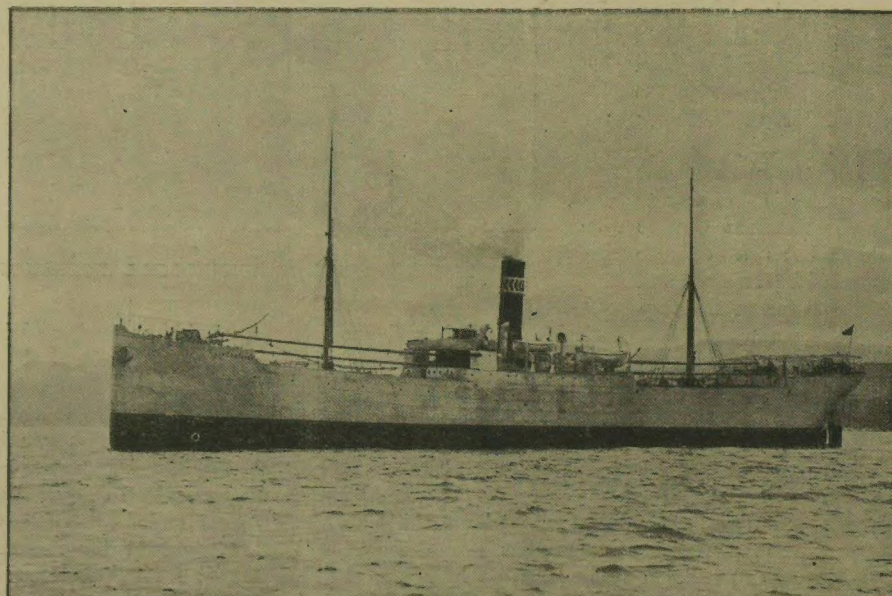
COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL: THE SMACK "VULTURE," WHICH ASSISTED THE "EDAM."



COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL: CAPTAIN DREW, OF THE "VULTURE," AND HIS CREW.

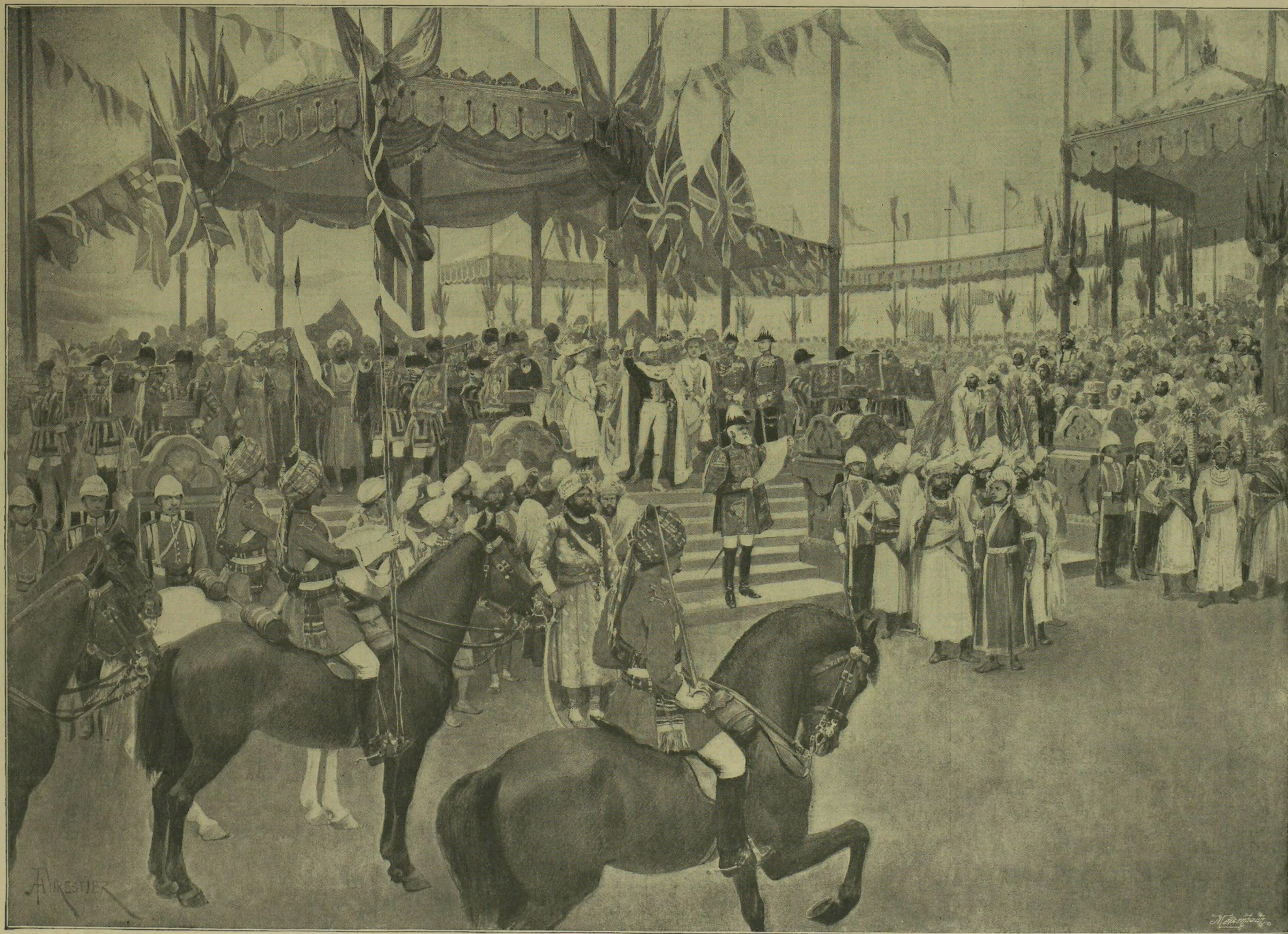


COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL: THE STEAM-SHIP "EDAM."



COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL: THE STEAM-SHIP "TURKISTAN."





SCENE FROM THE SPECTACULAR PLAY "INDIA" AT THE EMPRESS THEATRE, EARL'S COURT: PROCLAMATION OF THE QUEEN AS EMPRESS OF INDIA.



## PERSONAL.

Two important appointments have been made to Colonial Governorships. The first is the choice of Colonel Gerard Smith to succeed Sir William Cleaver Francis Robinson, G.C.M.G., as Governor of Western Australia. Colonel Smith represented the Wycombe Division of Bucks some years ago in the Liberal interest; subsequently he contested, as a Unionist, two divisions in the North of England, unsuccessfully. He has been Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. The other appointment is that of Sir Herbert Harley Murray, K.C.B., to be Governor of Newfoundland in succession to Sir J. T. N. O'Brien, K.C.M.G. Sir Herbert Murray will have no easy task in front of him, but he may be trusted to do his high reputation still further credit.

Baron von Hammerstein's deposition from the post of leader to the German Conservatives, on account of the grave charges of breach of trust brought against him, removes, at least for a time, a singular figure from German politics. The Conservatism of Baron Hammerstein has always been of the most irreconcilable type, and probably no one in his party viewed the accession of the late Emperor Frederick with more dislike. He is, like Mr. John Morley, one of the rare instances of a journalist turned statesman, for he has held important office in Germany, and his connection with the *Kreuz Zeitung* has been long and close. Baron Wilhelm von Hammerstein will be fifty-eight years of age on Feb. 21 next. He was educated at the Dresden Ritzthum Blochmann Institute, and at the Lüneburg Gymnasium. After matriculating he studied science at the Academies of Tharand and Eberswalde. When he was twenty-two years of age he was appointed to the Forest Service of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He entered political life some fifteen years ago, and shortly after became editor in chief of the *Kreuz Zeitung*.

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, whose engagement to the Duke of Marlborough has pleased more than it has astonished both London and New York society, is the eldest daughter of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the greatest of American millionaires. When his father practically retired, in 1883, he succeeded to the chairmanship of the Lake Shore Railroad; and after the death of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt he, with his brother Cornelius, took over, by agreement arrived at among the heirs, the management of the vast fortune founded by "Commodore" Vanderbilt. It is impossible to estimate the wealth of the Duke of Marlborough's prospective father-in-law; but the statement that he will give his daughter a dowry of ten million dollars and make a settlement of three million dollars on his future son-in-law is probably not exaggerated. Miss Vanderbilt is a year older than her fiancé, and has often been in England during the last few years.

Hundreds of men in all ranks and professions who were educated at the City of London School will learn



Photo Boning and Small.  
THE LATE REV. JOSEPH HARRIS.

with sorrow of the death of the Rev. Joseph Harris. Rare indeed has been the record of fifty years' connection with one school, which was the proud boast of Mr. Harris. He was seventy-six when he passed away on Sept. 17, and since the age of twenty-two his heart had been bound up in affectionate regard for the school and its pupils. He was himself an "Old Blue," and proceeded from Christ's Hospital to Pembroke College, Cambridge, graduating twenty-fourth Wrangler in 1840. In 1891 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the day when he went to the City of London School as an assistant master, and many were the kindly greetings and congratulations which came to him from old pupils in all parts of the world. Mr. Harris was a first-rate raconteur, and as a postprandial speaker had few equals in the City. He had latterly been paralysed, and the end came very peacefully, leaving London the poorer by the loss of a genial and good man, whose influence was far-reaching.

The Bechuana chief, Khama, as a speaker, is improving since his arrival in this country. His utterance gets quite impassioned in its fluency, and the moment the interpreter has told the audience what the dark-skinned chief is saying, Khama hastens on with sentence after sentence in impetuous eloquence. It is really an impressive sight to see this fine, tall, distinguished man addressing a great English audience in his native tongue. There is a mastery about his brow and an intelligence in the light of his eyes which account for the wide influence he has exerted, and the courage with which he has grappled with difficult questions of policy in his own country.

Mr. William Shaw, who has died at the age of seventy-five, was at one time leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. He succeeded Mr. Isaac Butt in that capacity, and was ousted by Mr. Parnell in 1880. Mr. Parnell's methods were so repugnant to Mr. Shaw that he seceded from the Home Rule party, taking fifteen members with him. In 1885 he retired from Parliament and took no further part in politics.

Lieutenant Peary has failed in the object of his expedition, but his courage and endurance have won him undying fame among Arctic explorers. He travelled many hundreds of miles in bitter weather till all his dogs died except one. Valuable stores were lost in a snowstorm of unprecedented violence for the time of year. The party

with difficulty escaped alive. The failure to reach the Pole, or to complete the survey of the Greenland coast, has recalled a project, much discussed in America, to form a chain of advanced stations, carefully landmarked and provisioned, and pushed gradually nearer to the Pole. This scheme, it was reckoned, would take twenty years to complete; but it would be sure, though slow.

Another English yachtsman has the courage to challenge the holder of the America Cup. This is Mr. C. D. Rose, who is undeterred by the experiences of Lord Dunraven in New York. Mr. Rose proposes to race for the cup next year with his yacht the *Distant Shore*, which is so distant that she is not yet built. It is expected that *Defender* will represent the New York Yacht Club in this contest. Most of the mystery which surrounded the proceedings of that club in the controversy with Lord Dunraven is dispelled by the statement that the deed of trust under which the cup is held prohibits any race except over the New York course, and under the conditions which Lord Dunraven found intolerable. In these circumstances the suggestion of the *Times* that the New York Yacht Club should put the cup in a strong box, bury it in a cellar, and offer a new challenge trophy under rational conditions, seems not unreasonable.

American sportsmen are justly triumphant, however, over the defeat of the London Athletic Club by the New York Athletic Club. The Americans won every event, in some cases—notably the high jump—beating all the "records." There can be no question about the fair play of these contests, though the Englishmen may have suffered somewhat from the unaccustomed heat.

In the current number of the *Nouvelle Revue* M. Léon Daudet, the eldest son of the well-known novelist, begins an ambitious task—namely, the reconstitution of the journey which he supposes Shakspeare to have made as a young man to several of the places he later immortalised in his dramas. M. Daudet gathered some of the materials for this strange historical romance during his stay in London last spring, and he himself drew out and followed exactly the itinerary he imagines Shakspeare to have pursued. M. Léon Daudet studied medicine for nine years before he made up his mind to devote himself entirely to literature. His work, which has hitherto been analytic rather than emotional, contains no echoes of his father's style. "Les Morticoles," a scientific romance intended by the writer to be an attack on modern Positivism and latter-day methods of research, created a profound sensation in the French medical world. This summer he published "Les Kam-tchatka," a strong satire dealing with the more affected schools of modern French literature.

The mystery about the death of Mr. Stokes is still thickening. Dr. Michaux, who accompanied Major Lothaire, and was reported to have left the expedition as a protest against the execution, denies this flatly. He says he protested on the ground that Mr. Stokes ought to have been tried elsewhere, but he remained with Major Lothaire for a fortnight later, and quitted him for quite a different reason. It is admitted, however, that Dr. Michaux was dissatisfied with the trial, and that, at present, is the chief point at issue.

The illness of the Comtesse de Martel, the well-known *Parisienne* better known to the outside world as "Gyp," has aroused a great deal of sympathy in French literary and social circles, where she is deservedly popular, for, in addition to her literary gifts, the great-niece of Mirabeau is exceedingly witty, an admirable hostess, and a most kind-hearted woman. She shares with Séverine, with whom, by the way, she is personally intimate, the credit of having incessantly laboured in the cause of promoting better treatment and well-being to animals. She is a fine horsewoman, and till lately spent much of her time riding in the beautiful woods still to be found within a few miles of Paris. The Comtesse de Martel, in addition to her literary work, does a great deal of pastel and water-colour painting. She is a constant exhibitor at minor picture shows. All her stories and dialogues are written between midnight and three o'clock in the morning. She is a constant contributor to the *Vie Parisienne*, and has published in the *Figaro* and the *Revue de Paris* novels in serial form. Both in her books and in her conversation she makes no secret of her anti-Semitism; this is the more curious when taken in conjunction with the fact that Messrs. Calmann Levy have been for many years her friends and publishers.

There appears to be no trace of Mrs. Langtry's missing jewels, valued at £40,000. Mrs. Langtry says the forged order on the bank differs from her handwriting, and that the receipt was signed by a person quite unknown to her. It is still inexplicable that although the bank is only three doors from Mrs. Langtry's house, nobody thought it necessary to send there to inquire whether the order was genuine, or the person who presented it authorised to receive the jewels.

The fêtes at Rome in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into the Holy City seem to have excited spontaneous enthusiasm. Whatever Italians may think of their Government, they are not disposed to restore the Pope to his secular sovereignty of Rome. At Avignon, by the way, there is an idea that the next Pope will make his dwelling there, and the ancient Palace of his predecessors is to be prepared for his reception.

The meeting to discuss the proposed Curates' Union, held in Sion College on Sept. 24, could not have been at all satisfactory to its promoters. There was great excitement and disorder, and very little was accomplished by the speeches made for and against the idea of a federation of curates. The time seems hardly ripe for action, judging by the result which attended this meeting.

The Munich Wagnerian Cyclis came practically to an end on Sunday, Sept. 22, with the performance of "Die Götterdämmerung." There will be one further performance each of "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger," and with that the season will close. Looking back upon the whole effort and achievement of this undertaking, one cannot but congratulate the authorities responsible for it upon a very large measure of success. The mounting of the operas, take it all in all, was on a very superb and splendid scale.

The artists were, on the whole, conscientious and pleasing. Fraulein Ternina, however, shining among them by reason of the fineness of her dramatic quality and the beauty of her voice. It was a pity that Herr Levi was prevented, by indisposition, from helping in the conducting of the festival—for festival it practically was; but Herr Strauss and Herr Fischer were more than competent.

The House of Lords is in no danger of being forgotten. Every week we are hearing of some public action on the part of one or other of its members, and by November the important towns which have secured a peer for Mayor will exceed half-a-dozen. The latest recruit to the Upper House is Baron Henry de Worms, who will cross the lobby from the House of Commons to the "other place" at the meeting of Parliament.

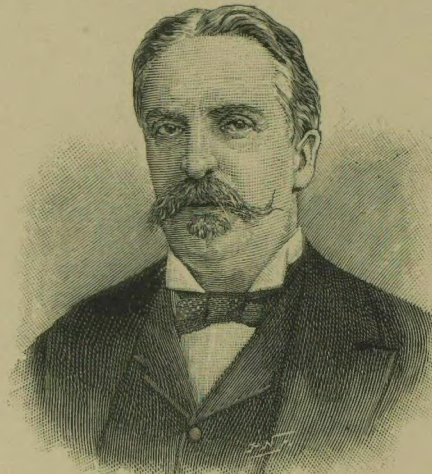


Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
BARON H. DE WORMS, M.P.,  
Raised to the Peerage.

Baron Henry is fifty-five, was educated at King's College, London, and entered Parliament as Conservative member for Greenwich in 1880. He has represented the East Toxteth division of Liverpool since 1885, and has held office as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade twice. He was Under Secretary for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's last Ministry. He signed the Treaty for the abolition of Sugar Bounties as British Plenipotentiary. The Baron and Baroness (who was the only daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Phillips) have entertained largely both at their London house and at their country seat, Henley Park, in Surrey.

The Prince of Wales will probably be the guest of the Earl of Lonsdale in December, and great preparations will be made for his visit. This will make the noble owner of Lowther a proud man, to entertain in the same year the German Emperor and the Heir-Apparent. Lord Lonsdale was not in very good health when visiting Germany for the army manoeuvres lately; but he has now quite recovered. The sport on his estate has been exceedingly good, and there are better prospects for the coming month.

It is not unlikely that Lord Rosebery will pay another visit to the United States, but nothing definite has been fixed. The mere rumour of his intention to go to Canada has given lively satisfaction in the Dominion, and if he should be able to gratify the Canadians by his presence there is a prospect of considerable hospitality being shown to him. Lord Rosebery, of all living statesmen, has been readiest to recognise our kinship with the Colonies.

Lady Hallé had a very kindly reception at the Cape, whence she is now returning with Sir Charles Hallé. The distinguished violinist will appear as usual at the Popular Concerts. Her playing excited great enthusiasm in South Africa.

As a sequel to the recent visit of the Lord Mayor of London to France, it is interesting to learn that Sir Joseph Renals has been appointed an Officer of the Legion of Honour. Since his return, the Lord Mayor, his coachman, his footman, and other members of his suite have been interviewed by the pertinacious reporter as to their impressions of France, which seem to be generally favourable.

Our friend the Shahzada has been viewing Rome after his usual leisurely fashion. He greatly enjoyed a morning spent in St. Peter's, and read the *Fatihah*, which is the Mohammedan prayer for the repose of the soul, at St. Peter's too. He has given up his idea of visiting Egypt, it is understood.

## THE ALBUM.

This New High-Class Art Newspaper consists of Forty Pages of Literary and Art Matter and a Sixteen-Page Supplement Every Week, price Sixpence.

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OFFICE: 198, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral Castle, has been joined by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, whose daughter, Princess Victoria, accompanied her Majesty to Scotland. Princess Henry of Battenberg and her husband have been suddenly called away to Germany, in consequence of the death of his mother at Darmstadt. The Duke and Duchess of York are visiting her Majesty, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife are at Old Mar Lodge. The French Empress Eugénie, who is staying at Aberfeldie, visited the Queen on Sept. 20, the day on which Princess Christian arrived at Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, the Empress Dowager of Russia, and the King of Greece, are visiting the King and Queen of Denmark at the Castle of Bernstorff, near Copenhagen. His Royal Highness returns to England by the end of September. The Prince and Princess have gone on board the royal yacht *Osborne*, and on Monday entertained the King and Queen of Denmark.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were in Germany, have gone to Paris, and have taken a villa at St. Cloud for several weeks.

Colonel Gerard Smith, formerly M.P. for the Wycombe division of Bucks, has been appointed Governor of Western Australia; and Sir Herbert Harley Murray, late Chairman of the Board of Customs, is to be Governor of Newfoundland.

The old Australian convict ship or hulk, *Success*, a floating prison formerly used by the Colonial Government of Victoria, and moored off Williamstown, in the port of Melbourne, has arrived in the Thames, and lies in the East India Dock at Blackwall. Her internal arrangement and fittings are peculiar, and have been inspected with some curiosity by many visitors.

The Rugby Football Union, at a meeting held in London on Sept. 19, adopted stringent regulations for the discouragement of professional football players taking part in public matches connected with that Union, from which twenty-two clubs in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire are henceforth separated upon this account.

The Postmaster-General's report for the year ending with last March shows a delivery in the United Kingdom of 1,770,900,000 letters, 312,800,000 post-cards, 614,600,000 book-packets, circulars, and samples, besides 57,136,000 parcels, and 151,800,000 newspapers; there have been 10,685,206 money orders, representing £28,923,127, and 60,681,078 postal orders, representing £22,750,283; the number of telegrams has been 71,589,064, of which 5,937,715 were foreign. The total revenue of the department was £10,748,000, yielding a surplus over expenditure of £2,770,000; the number of persons employed by the Post Office was 138,738, of whom 58,000 gave their whole time to the service. In the Post Office savings' banks there are nearly a million and a half of accounts open, with deposits amounting to over £43,000,000 sterling.

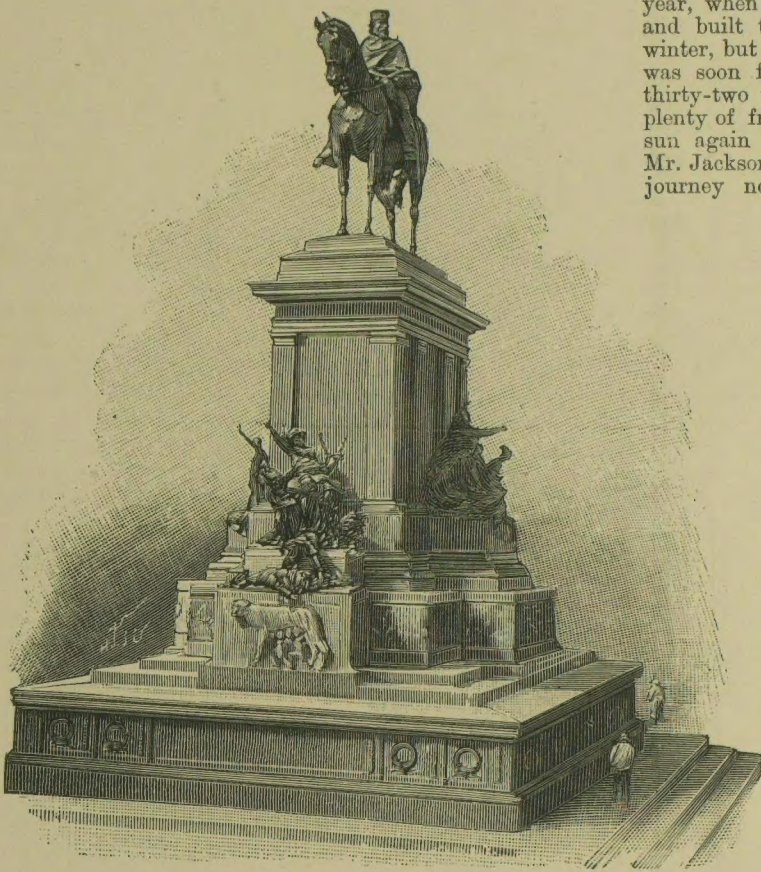
The centenary of the foundation of the London Missionary Society has been celebrated this week, a series of meetings, with devotional services and thanksgivings, being held at the Memorial Hall, at the society's house in Blomfield Street, and at the City Temple. Khama, the Bechuanaland Chief of the Bamangwato, has appeared at a meeting of the London Missionary Society, and made a speech in his own language, of which the Rev. Mr. Willoughby gave an interpretation.

The coroner's inquest upon the death of the persons drowned by the breaking down of the landing-stage of the Morecambe Bay pier, on Sept. 9, has resulted in an expression of censure, reflecting upon the directors of the pier company for not having had that part of the structure properly examined. The disaster

was caused by one of the iron bolts having been worn out and reduced to half its thickness.

The festivities of Italian nationality and loyalty in Rome, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the overthrow of the Pope's temporal reign in that city, and the completion of the kingdom of Italy by taking possession of its capital in 1870, have been attended with imposing demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. It is estimated that from 100,000 to 150,000 Italians have come to their renowned metropolis from all the provinces and chief towns of the kingdom on purpose to witness and enjoy this celebration. On Friday, Sept. 20, the anniversary of the day when General Cadorna's troops entered Rome, a monument erected on the Janiculum in

honour of Garibaldi, with a bronze statue of him, was unveiled by Signor Crispi, the Prime Minister, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy, the Prince of Naples, and the royal family. The Sindaco, or Mayor of Rome, also unveiled a memorial column at the Porta Pia, where the Italian troops entered through a breach in the city wall. Solemnities took place at the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. On Sunday, Sept. 22, there was the uncovering of a monument in honour of his great Minister, Count Cavour. At the Quirinal Palace King Humbert on Saturday received deputations from the



MONUMENT OF GARIBALDI, UNVEILED IN ROME SEPTEMBER 20.

Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, and two hundred provincial and municipal dignitaries. A new bridge over the Tiber, to bear the name of Humbert, was opened next day by the King and Queen and Crown Prince of Italy. There have been State banquets and balls, garden parties and illuminations in a splendid style.

The grand manœuvres of the French army in the eastern Departments, between Langres and the plateau of the Vosges, under command of General Saussier, were concluded on Sept. 19 by a review of 120,000 troops at

thirds of the soldiers with debilitating fever. Out of 15,000, it is said, only 6500 are now fit for service. The cost of the expedition will exceed twenty millions sterling. General Duchesne has sent forward a flying column, which was expected to reach Antananarivo, the capital of the Hova kingdom, before the end of September. Its progress will be reported by carrier pigeons.

News has been received of the safety of the Arctic exploring expedition equipped by Mr. Harmsworth and conducted by Mr. Jackson, which sailed in the summer of 1894. Their steamer, the *Windward*, arrived at Cape Flora, on the coast of Franz Josef Land, on Sept. 7 last year, when they landed, discharged the cargo of stores, and built their log-houses, to dwell there during the winter, but the crew remained on board the ship, which was soon frozen tight into the ice. The whole party, thirty-two men, passed the winter comfortably, and got plenty of fresh meat, killing sixty bears. They saw the sun again on Feb. 23 this year; and on March 10 Mr. Jackson, with the sledge-party, set forth on a land journey northward, made a dépôt of provisions, and returned for more; this operation was repeated in April and May. The most northerly point reached was 81 deg. 20 min. N. latitude, about a hundred miles from the camp. On July 3 the *Windward* began her return voyage to the port of Vardö, in Norway, where she arrived on Sept. 10, after a severe struggle for sixty-five days with a very formidable pack of ice-floes three hundred miles wide. The men suffered much from scurvy, as well as from extreme fatigue and exposure, and the fuel was quite exhausted. It is expected that Mr. Jackson, who stays a second winter in Franz Josef Land, will have sent to England some reports of much interest to geographical science.

A Spanish war-ship, the cruiser *Sanchez Barcaiztegui*, on the coast of Cuba, was sunk by collision with the *Mortera*, a merchant steamer, on the night of Sept. 17, near the port of Havana. About forty men were drowned, including Rear-Admiral Delgado Parejos, with several other military and naval officers. There is a rumour, however, that the sinking of the ship was caused not by a collision, but by a torpedo furtively brought to her side by a boat with a small party of Cuban insurgents.

The Portuguese city and district of Goa, on the west coast of India, to the south of the Bombay Presidency, is disturbed by a formidable mutiny and revolt of its military garrison.

The troublesome hostilities with rebels on the coast of British East Africa, led by the powerful Arab chief Mbaruk, or Mbaraka, despite the severe defeat which was inflicted upon them in August by the British Naval Brigade, expelling him from his fortified stronghold at Mwele, do not yet seem to be finally concluded. The enemy has reassembled at Takaunga, between Melinie and Mombasa, and another expedition will probably be

needed. Detailed accounts of the fighting on Aug. 18 have been received from Mombasa and from Zanzibar. The force employed, under command of Rear-Admiral Rawson, consisted of 380 sailors and marines from the ships *St. George*, *Phoebe*, *Barrosa*, and *Raccoon*, with a seven-pounder gun, a rocket-tube, and four Maxim guns, accompanied by sixty Sudanese and fifty Zanzibar men. General Sir Lloyd Mathews, Commander-in-Chief of the Sultan of Zanzibar's army, and Mr. A. H. Hardinge, the British Consul

General at Zanzibar, were with the expedition, and General Mathews was slightly wounded. The enemy's stockades were stormed by the British forces, led by Captain MacGill and Captain Egerton, and only one man, a Zanzibar Askari, was killed, with nine wounded, on the British side.

The work of delimitation of the frontier between the Russian dominions in Central Asia and those of Afghanistan and the British Indian Empire has been completed in a satisfactory manner by fixing a boundary-stone near Lake Victoria on the Pamir, on July 29, and the event was celebrated with a friendly banquet given by the British members of the Joint Commission to their Russian colleagues. The nearest high mountain is to be named after the Czar Nicholas II.



THE ROYAL GATHERING AT COPENHAGEN: THE PRINCESS OF WALES WALKING WITH HER FATHER, THE KING OF DENMARK.

Mirécourt, in the presence of M. Faure, President of the Republic, M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Admiral Besnard, Minister of Marine, and Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Prince Nicholas of Greece, with General Dragomiroff, representing the Russian army. These foreign visitors were guests at a luncheon given by the President, and are to be entertained with high honours in Paris.

Distressing reports of the condition of the French troops in the Madagascar expedition are continually received. There has been little fighting with the Hovas, but the climate or the season, and the fatigues of the long march inland over a rugged country, partly mountain and forest, partly marsh and jungle, have disabled nearly two-

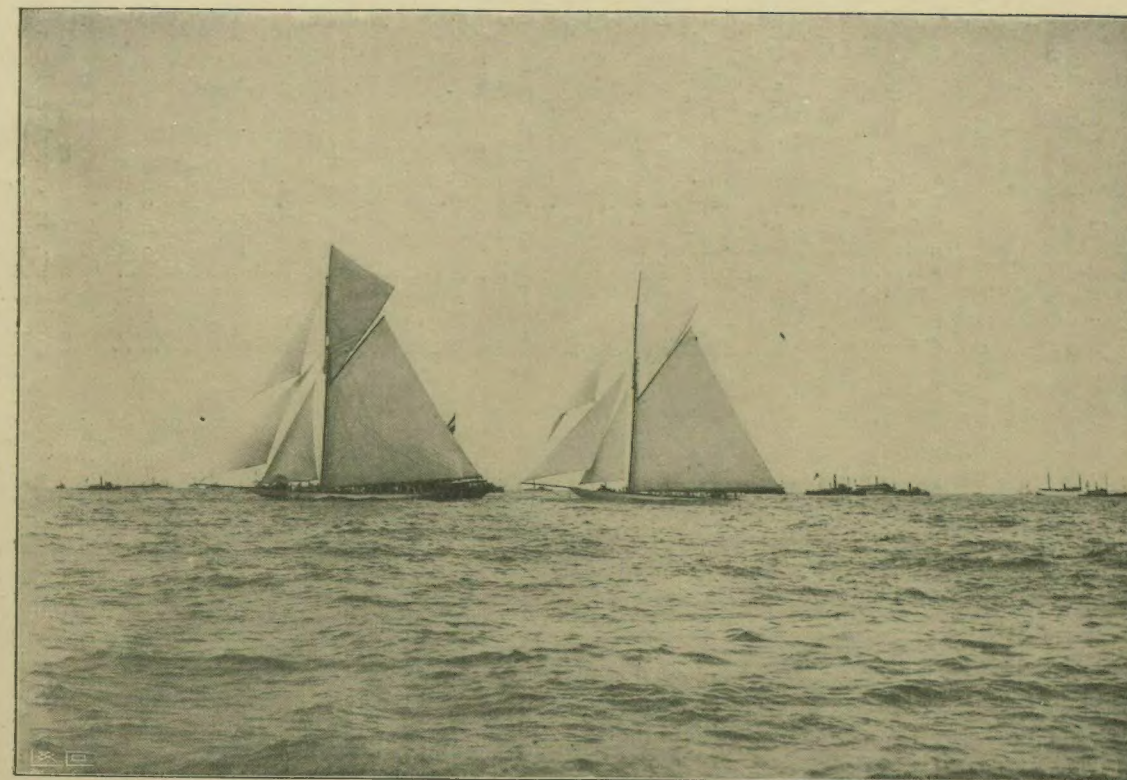


# THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

*Photographs by J. Hall.*



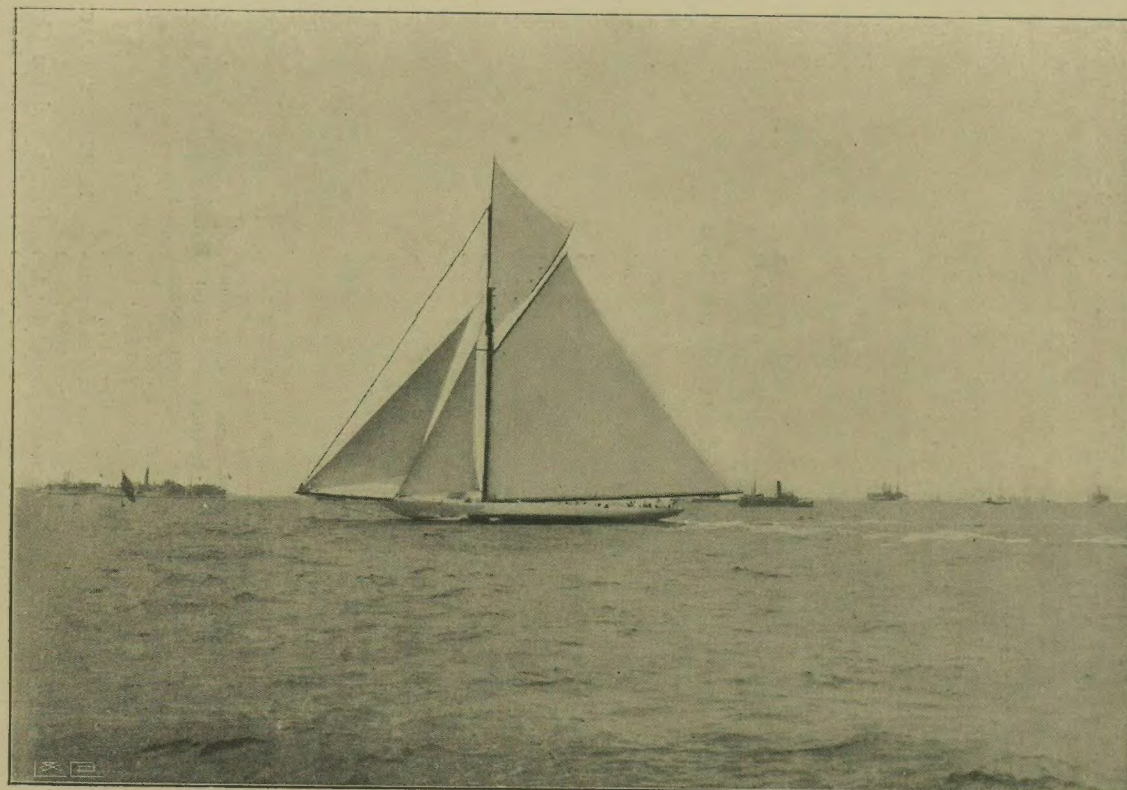
FIRST DAY'S RACE: JUST BEFORE THE START.



THE START.



MANŒUVRING FOR POSITION.



THE "DEFENDER" TURNING THE "STALK."



# THE COURAGE OF PAULINE CAMACHO.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ABOVE THE WORLD.

Though a man may not believe it, yet a long period spent in the subjection of paid servitude, when he is at the beck and call of one or of many, when neither his time nor the allotment of his time is in his own hands, must inevitably be harmful to his character if he be not utterly strong. And that Jack Bevis had drifted into the position he held at Las Rosas was sufficient proof that there was a weak spot in him somewhere. It showed itself sometimes when he depreciated himself to himself, and was almost ready to be an inferior because he was in an inferior grade of employment. Yet at times he put this down to a desire not to pose as above his place.

"I want to be respected because I can do this work better than the men who were brought up to it," he sometimes said. And yet if it had not been for his crescent passion for Pauline he might have sunk deeper and deeper, until his hand was wholly subdued to what it worked in.

But by his anger against himself and his circumstances when Love came about his humble dwelling like a strange bird from a distant land, he roused his drooping soul and became his own man once more. In the hours when Hope and Passion together guided his footsteps he looked the heavy world brightly in the face, and rose against the darkness of his long western night like a sun. He was the equal of the best man living, and if indeed Pauline loved him, he was hereby proved better than any of his competing peers. And on that afternoon when he met Pauline by the creek on the way towards the mountain he felt reanimated for any contest and equal to the bravest reward.

But Pauline trembled and was ashamed. Thrice she had walked in the languid garden before she dared go up the creek with bowed head. Yet the desire of Love was in her, too, and at that moment the conventional pride of accidental class went away from her marked yet unspoiled soul.

She was clothed in a strong white dress, and about her waist was a red sash, of the

same colour that Jack wore when he considered himself dressed for anything save a visit to the town. She had on her dark hair a broad-brimmed straw hat, with red poppies in it. Her throat was half concealed by a bit of creamy lace, and on her bosom was an azalea. To Jack's eyes she looked more beautiful than a flower, for she was alive and sweet and young.

And to her he was something to be feared, though she said he was very handsome. Just then he was at his best: excitement made his eyes flash, she noticed the curve of his jaw and his strong neck. He wore nothing over his white shirt, and she could see his arms were powerful.

"He must have carried me very easily that day," she said. And in silence he led the way towards the mountain.

In ten minutes by an easy path they reached a clearer space, just above the lower growth of madrone trees, and there she saw Browny standing tied to a manzanita sapling. On him was a woman's saddle. On the saddle lay a cloak.

"If you would just fix yourself up in this cloak," he

said, "it would do for a kind of habit, and you can ride to within a hundred yards of the top."

She allowed him to help her fasten it about her waist, and he lifted her to the saddle. Taking Browny's head, he began the ascent.

"I didn't know your horse was a lady's horse, Mr. Bevis," she said presently.

"He wasn't till last week," answered Jack, "but as I've taught the beggar since I had him to go backwards and sideways, and to follow me when he's loose, it wasn't hard to break him."

And they went upward steadily through pines, and then through a spreading patch of ragged manzanita with gnarled and curly limbs. The valley began to spread out below them; the green of the vineyards was like the sight of cool waters, and where the wheat and barley had been cut looked like a whitish desert. In the big wheat lot of Las Rosas the thresher was at work even on Sunday, and the smoke of the engine rose into the still hot air like a column. The noise of the belts and the big machine was

as the humming of a hive in the far distance. The men that worked it looked smaller each time they stayed and turned.

"Are you glad to be here?" he asked as he rested Browny on a barren yellow spur of rock. And Pauline nodded.

"We are getting out of the world now," he said, "and above it."

And they went higher still. Below them they saw the patterns of the vine-filled patches, both of Las Rosas and the neighbouring ranches. As the opposing hills of the other valley's side dwindled, other ranges rose that were fainter and azure with distance. Beyond them was the Pacific.

"And beyond that," said Jack, "is Australia, where I worked long years ago, before I thought of California. And yet the Queen State of the Pacific was even then fertile, and you were her child."

Now, though the sun was clear, a breeze touched their cheeks and cooled them, and as they went through more of the manzanita that was dwarfed on the increasing height, the very heat was pleasant.



"We are getting out of the world now," he said, "and above it."



"It is strange being so far above everyone," said Pauline. "Oh, what a little house ours looks! Even the stables and the big barn and the very cellar seem like huts."

"It all depends on the point of view," answered Jack. "I can't feel angry here with La Donna, even if I knew she was going to drive me to death to-morrow."

"She won't drive you much longer," said Pauline.

But when he asked what she meant she would not answer. She only looked at him with an air of content, thinking of the service she had done him.

And then Jack did not press her. He was glad to see her and know her near. And her eyes were as gentle as her voice.

"Would you care if the world was angry with you now?" he asked.

And when she did not answer he bade her look on the people of the world beneath.

"Would you care, child," he asked again, "if the ants were angry?"

"Why do you call me child?" she said. "You are not so very much older than I."

"Because I am quite alone with you, and you see I should have to protect you if anything happened. I feel as if you and I were alone in the world."

He turned again and breathed in the air with full lungs. He pointed with his hand to the south.

"Shade your eyes and look. Look for silver."

And she looked.

"What is it?"

"San Francisco Bay just inside the Gate," said Jack. "Nearly a year ago I came into the Gate with twenty-five cents."

"It is very beautiful and strange. But you are richer now, Mr. Bevis," said the girl.

"Am I?"

And Brownie walked on again. They came directly to a steeper path.

"You must dismount now," said Jack; "and I'll tie the horse up under this big rock."

Together they faced the harder way; but Jack held her hand, and she found it easy. For him it was not easy, and the perspiration streamed off his face before they reached the top. He was glad to get there, and so was she.

"It is very good of you to bring me," she said. "Oh, it is beautiful! I never knew my own country was so lovely before."

"Have you never been on a mountain?"

"Yes."

"Then wasn't that one beautiful?"

"Not so beautiful as this."

"Yet you have been to the Yosemite."

She did not answer, and Jack knew why it was more beautiful.

"Sit down," he said, and she sat down. He chose another rock within a foot of her. They were silent for a long five minutes.

For before them the whole valley was spread out, clothed with vines. Jack named each place to her at last.

"And in the distance Mount Tamalpais, and that is Diablo; and yonder, though we cannot see it, is San Francisco, your home and the place of my expiation. If I ever sinned elsewhere surely there I suffered."

Her eyes said: "Poor Mr. Bevis."

"Answer me now what I asked you down below. Would you care if the world was angry with you—your world?"

"What is my world?"

"Have you any strange doubts? What was my world six months ago is a dream to me. It melts in the sun like ancient ice. Do you doubt what is your world now?"

"I should not like anyone to be angry with me."

"But you would not make anyone suffer?"

And she looked wistfully towards the unseen great city.

Then between her and the sun came a great grey eagle sailing with outspread wings.

"Look, look!" she cried.

"He's a brave bird, and wonders what we do here in his eyrie," said Jack. "See the spread of his balanced wings!" And the bird swooped closer. "Look at the bend of his neck. His eyes are like coals. I wonder if he cares what the wingless world thinks in the dead, dusky valley!"

And with a slow turn and a bend the eagle swooped and rose again in the lucid air like a diver in a transparent crystal sea.

"I could hear the sound of his wings," said the girl breathlessly. "Oh, how strange it is here! I could almost scream."

"With joy?" asked Jack. And then he thought of his store behind the rock.



"Kiss me, Pauline, my own dear love."

"Are you not thirsty?"

"There is nothing to drink here, Mr. Bevis."

"All things are possible to magicians," said Jack. "Tell me that you don't care what your world says. Say you are strong—say you will dare to be yourself, and I will clap my hands, and there shall be grapes of rocks, and wine from the meanest shrub."

"I am myself," said Pauline, "and always will be."

And Jack clapped his hands.

"No slaves appear, Mr. Bevis."

"Will you be the attendant, then? Go behind that rock and say if no spring is to be seen there."

She rose and found the concealed basket. She looked at him reproachfully in returning.

"When did you come up with these things?" she asked.

"Yesterday," said the magician. "But do not blame me. I am parched with thirst. Give me wine and water and grapes."

She poured him out the wine and drank some herself. As they ate the grapes he lay on the ground at her feet.

"Do you know I lack courage, my friend," he said at last. "Would you have thought I was a coward?"

"Never, never," said Pauline.

"Bless you for that. Would you be very angry with me if I had too much courage?"

"Can a man have too much?" she asked.

"I think not," said Jack, and rising, he sat down by her side.

"Do you think you know me a little now? And I wonder if you believe I am worth helping? Do you know I have a theory about life?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"I have a theory, yes. Why have I always failed to do this or that? Why have I always been running after I know not what? Why was the next state or the next country Rainbowland or Eldorado for me? Because I was looking for someone to help me, for someone who was strong where I was weak, for someone who was weak enough to want the help of what strength I have."

She looked down into the valley. But her eyes filled with tears. He saw her hands tremble. He turned towards her suddenly.

"Pauline"—and she started violently—"will you help me?"

And the passion in his eyes made the sun pale to her; and as the landscape died out her eyes were blinded, and she reached out her hands like a child that needs love, and knows not how to speak. But she did speak as she touched him.

"Oh, Jack, I am very unhappy! What shall I do? I am so frightened."

But he took her in his arms and comforted her. "And you do love me?" he asked.

"I have always loved you." For this is the strength of new-born love—that his memory is given him from the ancient love of the race.

"And I have loved you as I sought for you, dear—my dear."

She lay in his arms.

"Then I don't care for the world, Jack. You are my own."

"God bless you, my darling, always. Look down with me into the valley. For now we are high above the world. But there on the earth we must live. Will you be content to be poor?"

"With you, Jack."

"And you will have the strength to wait for the success that shall be ours, and not mine?"

"With you, dear."

And he bent and kissed her again as the shadow of the eagle who circled the mountain touched them once more. They stood up linked together, and looked

out upon the wheat and the vineyards, the barren opposing hills and the distant silver of the bay.

"Kiss me, Pauline, my own dear love."

She raised her face to his.

"The best for you for ever," he said. "If you cannot make me great, I am at least a man."

And after a moment's deep silence he turned to the path. "Dear, let us go down and face the world together."

THE END.

## A NEW STORY BY W. D. HOWELLS.

In our Next Number we shall publish the first instalment of a New Story, entitled

## THE DAY OF THEIR WEDDING,

By W. D. HOWELLS.





*Procinus excolimur tenari, curaque parentis  
Imus ad insignes Urbis ab arte viros.*

IN the work of training youth, the day schools have played a not unimportant part. Some even have attained an honourable place among schools of the highest rank.

Of day schools with a history, Merchant Taylors' is one. It owes its origin to the response made in 1561 by the Merchant Taylors' Company to the demand for places of education which the dissolution of the monasteries and the decay of the old City Grammar Schools had created. Since the beginning of the century the Company, through the liberality of some of its members, had been patrons of learning, as the schools founded at Macclesfield by Sir John Percyvale, and at Wolverhampton by Sir Stephen Jenyns, attested. Moreover they had, from time to time, sent poor scholars to the Universities; but, as yet, they had attempted nothing on the grand scale. The foundation in 1555 of St. John's College, Oxford, by Sir Thomas White, a past master of the Company, doubtless suggested more ambitious plans. In 1561 their ideas had taken shape, and a property came into the market which seemed exactly suited to their requirements. The Common Box, however, from a variety of causes, did not contain the sum necessary for the purchase; but at this juncture a member of the Company, Mr. Richard Hilles, intervened



ARMS REMOVED FROM OLD SCHOOL.

with the generous offer of £500, and the Court contributing the remainder, the property was thus acquired for £566 13s. 4d.

The home of the new school was an ancient town-house (*temp.* Edward III.), known as Pultney's Inn, or the Manor of the Rose, situated in the parish of St. Lawrence Pountney (or Poultny). From the Pultney family it passed into the possession of the great houses of Holland, Suffolk, Buckingham, Courtney, and Sussex successively. The Duke of Buckingham's connection with the inn is referred to in Shakspeare, "Henry VIII."—"The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Pountney." When the Company negotiated for the property, it was offered for sale in two moieties, one of which the Company bought, as was said above; the other moiety they purchased three centuries afterwards, in 1859.

Buildings being ready to hand, the next step was to frame statutes for the proposed school. On Sept. 24, 1561, the Court met under the presidency of Richard Hilles, the Master, who was supported by Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's College, Oxford, and Sir William Harpur, soon to be the founder of Bedford School. A resolution was passed that the Company should establish a school "for the better education and bringing-up of children in good manners and literature," and that it "should have continuation by God's grace for ever." The adoption of Dean Colet's statutes as a basis for the statutes of Merchant Taylors' in all probability greatly affected the future of the school. Richard Hilles was of the religious party now in the ascendant, while Sir Thomas White belonged to the school of Churchmen who, while eager to promote education, sought to retain the older traditions. There is reason to think that, had not Colet's statutes

been approved, the school might not have enjoyed the munificent benefaction White was so soon to confer upon it.

The preamble to the statutes defined the character of the institution. It was founded "in the honour of Christ



*Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.*

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM BAKER,

HEAD MASTER OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

Jesu." The High Master should be a scholar "learned in good and clean Latin literature, and also Greek, if such may be gotten." It was to be a public school: "children of all nations and countries indifferently, coming thither to be taught," were to be admitted, provided they had learnt the Catechism in English and Latin, and could read and write competently. The founders aimed high, desiring to educate more scholars than had ever been "taught under one roof." Colet had founded St. Paul's School for 153 boys; Queen Elizabeth, Westminster, for 120. Merchant Taylors' offered room for 250, of whom 100 were to be free scholars, 50 to pay 2s. 6d. a quarter, and the remaining 100, 5s.

The Governors were fortunate enough to secure for their first High Master a teacher of the highest capacity, Richard Mulcaster, formerly an Eton scholar of King's College, Cambridge, who, migrating to Oxford, became student of Christ Church. A good Greek and Latin scholar, he was further acquainted with Oriental languages. From the first he introduced the study of Hebrew, which has maintained its footing in the school from that day to this. He was a man of original ideas. Some of these he embodied in his book, "Positions Concerning the Training of Children," a work in which he anticipated many educational doctrines in favour in the present day. Payment by results was one of them, and it was probably his suggestion that the High Master of Merchant Taylors',

**BIRCH**  
ARMAN

**LAHESSEY**  
CK

NAMES CUT IN MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL:  
DR. SAMUEL BIRCH.  
THE LATE ARCHDEACON HESSEY.



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE.



unlike the High Master of St. Paul's, should receive, over and above a small fixed salary, a capitation fee on each scholar. He also advocated physical exercise, "holding that places of learning and exercise ought to be joint tenement and near neighbours," and maintained that schools "in the heart of towns might easily be chopt for some field situation, far from disturbance and near to all necessities." Sir James Whitelocke, a Justice of the King's Bench, says of his old Master that he taught him Italian, Greek, and Latin, "singing and playing upon instruments," and "yearly he presented some plays to the Court, in which his scholars were the only actors, and I one amongst them, and by that means taught them good behaviour and audacity."

A glance at the school statutes will give us an idea of the life of a Merchant Taylors' boy in Mulcaster's time. In winter and summer work began at seven a.m., when, as Fuller informs us, Mulcaster, having set his pupils their tasks, allowed himself an indulgence he denied to his charges, for he "slept his hour in his desk, but woe to the scholar that slept the while. Awakening, he heard them accurately, and Atropos might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon, where he found just fault." The "prayers of cockering mothers," and "the requests of indulgent fathers," availed only to increase his severity. From seven till eleven, and from one till five, the pursuit of knowledge went on, with no "remedy," or leave to play, save on the Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in those weeks "in which there followeth no holyday." Thrice a day the boys recited a set form of prayer "with due tract or pausing." Wax candles alone were permitted, provided in the case of the richer pupils "at the cost of their friends." No meals were allowed within the school precincts; none might indulge in "cock-fighting, tennys-play, nor riding about of victory or disputing abroad." It was enacted that a "Probation" of the whole school should be held three

times a year by the Masters, and, in addition, learned doctors and dignitaries were to be invited to examine the scholars further. The relic of this practice exists in the name of "Doctors' Day," by which the last day of the Christmas term is still known.

Scarcely had the school been well started on its way,

sending representatives to London, the first election was held on St. Barnabas' Day in that year. The day before, June 10, about eight o'clock in the morning, a large assemblage of visitors met to see the examination conducted. The examiners were the Bishop of Winchester (Horne), the Dean of St. Paul's (Nowell), the Dean of Westminster (Goodman), Archdeacon Watts, and the President and two senior Fellows of St. John's.

It is not necessary to trace the steps by which the relations between the school and the college have been modified. It suffices to say that, by the revised statutes of St. John's, fifteen scholarships of £100 a year are appropriated to boys leaving Merchant Taylors', and four senior scholarships of £150 a year to members of the college educated at the school. Sir Thomas White's munificence has caused him to be regarded as virtually the founder of the school. It was, as we have seen, with the help of Hilles' liberal gift that the Merchant Taylors' Company founded it, by whose bounty it has been mainly supported for more than three centuries.

In addition to White's foundation, the school is liberally provided with other scholarships and exhibitions, to two of which an interesting history is attached. The first of these is called "The School Exhibition." In 1692

some Old Merchant Taylors bethought them of an annual sermon, a dinner and a collection, as a means of providing for boys who were disqualified by age for White's scholarship. The *Postman* of Nov. 15 in that year contained the following advertisement—

The first feast of Gentlemen educated at Merchant Taylors' School will be held at Merchant Taylors' Hall on Thursday, the 8th of December next. Tickets may be had till Dec. 2d, and no longer, at the Dog Tavern, in the New Palace Yard, Westminster; Mr. Johnson's, hosier, over against Fetter Lane and in Fleet St.; Mr. Walford's, bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard; Garraway's Coffee House, in Exchange Alley in Cornhill; Captain Warren's at the Three Nuns' Inn in Whitechapel; and at Mr. Gardner's, at the Dog and Bear Inn in Southwark.

For many years this practice was kept up, and the



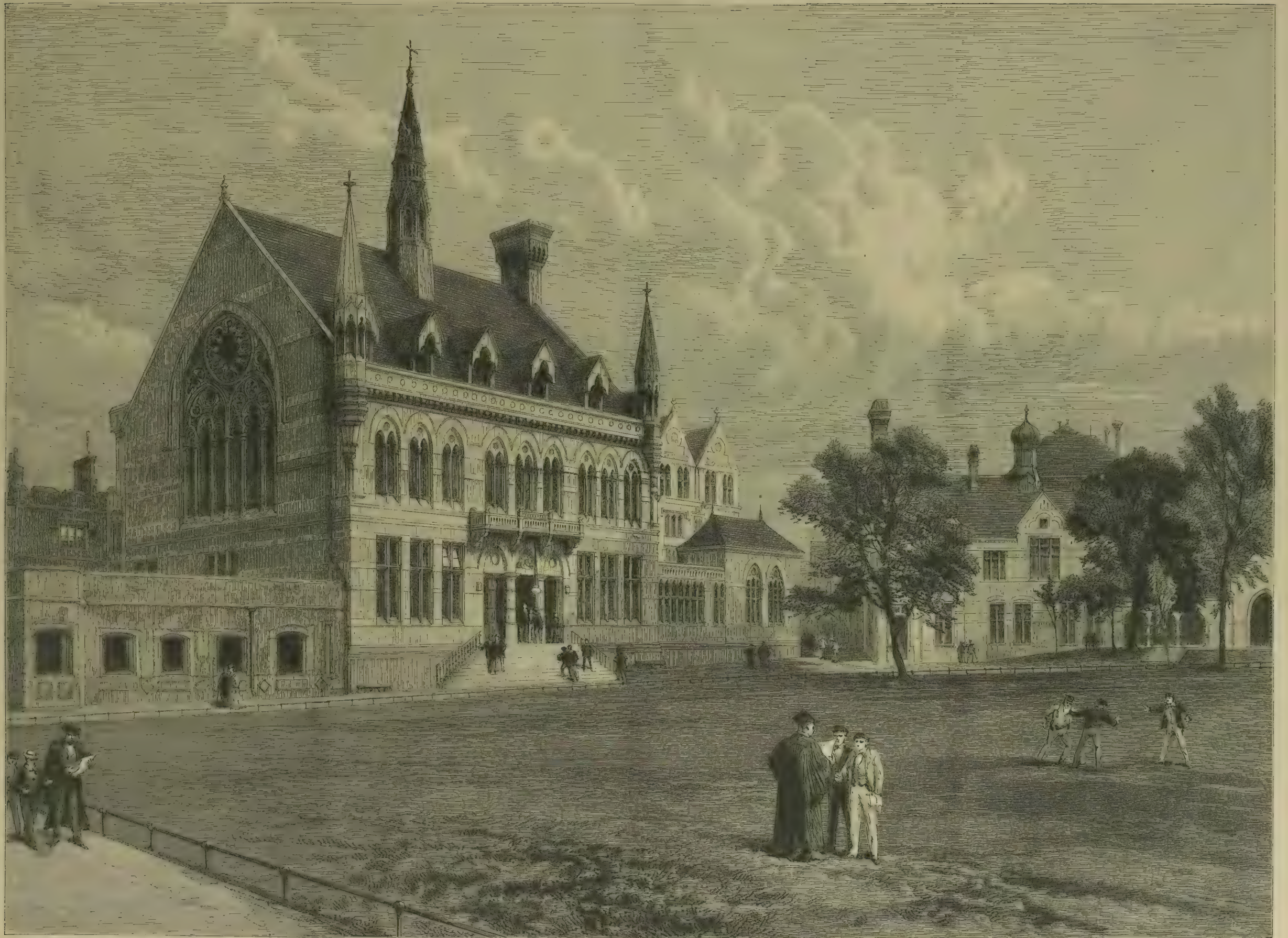
OLD FIREPLACE, COMMON ROOM, MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

when a rare piece of good fortune befell it. By Sir Thomas White's final arrangement, St. John's College was to consist of fifty fellows and scholars, of whom no fewer than forty-three were to be elected from Merchant Taylors' School (in the event of there being suitable candidates) by the Merchant Taylors' Company, and the President and Fellows of the college conjointly, the election to be held every St. Barnabas' Day in a room at the school known as the "Chapel." During his lifetime White elected his pensioners himself, and it was not until six years after his death that his statute was complied with, owing to the financial embarrassment of the college. The Company in 1672 agreeing to defray the expenses of the college in



MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL: THE GREAT HALL.





THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL, CHARTERHOUSE SQUARE.



money collected was committed to trustees. In 1809 Lord Charles Fitzroy found himself in possession of a sum of money which, as far back as 1726, had been vested in trustees for the school, and he accordingly hastened to

The school cannot be counted rich in lawyers of the highest rank. Conspicuous in his day was Sir James Whitelocke, a Justice of the King's Bench and the friend of Laud. Nor as a nurse of great military heroes can it

have presided over the school, of whom twelve have been St. John's men and sixteen former pupils. One, Dugard, was an amateur printer, and was committed to Newgate by the Council of State, 1649-50, for printing Salmasius's "Defensio Regia." Milton befriended him and got him restored, but he was compelled as State printer to publish Milton's reply to Salmasius. The title-page bears this inscription: "Johannis Miltoni Angli Defensio pro Populo Anglicano: Contra Claudii Anonimi, alias Salmasii, Defensio Regia. Londini: Typis Du Gardiani; anno Dni. 1651."



OLD CHAIR,  
MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

At the beginning of the present century the school curriculum began to be widened. Mathematics and writing were introduced in 1829, modern history and French in 1846, and drawing in 1856. In contrast to the narrow system of education of the eighteenth century it is worth while to recall the fact that the first High Master added to the ancient languages Italian, music, and acting. Through its removal to Charterhouse, under the present Head Master, Dr. Baker, the school has been brought fully abreast of the educational movement of the day, and now receives more than twice the number of boys for which it was originally founded.

Like so many of the public schools, Merchant Taylors' also has not been unmindful of the claims of the poor. A mission which it founded is maintained in Shacklewell, a district of Hackney, and here a missionary, who is provided with suitable buildings, including a chapel and a clubhouse, carries on, with the help of past and present



THE LIBRARY, MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

restore it to its proper uses. The "Pitt Club Exhibitions" were founded by the members of a club which was formed in 1808 for the purpose of perpetuating "the principles of the late Right Hon. W. Pitt." The use of their hall was granted to the members by the Merchant Taylors' Company, in recognition of whose hospitality the club assigned to the school two of the exhibitions they founded in 1845.



PROMPTER'S DESK,  
MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

For three centuries, with one short interval, the school stood in St. Lawrence Pountney Parish, between Cannon Street and the Thames. The first buildings perished in the Great

Fire. It is believed that the school was temporarily carried on in the disused grammar school of St. Mary Axe, until, in 1675, the new buildings were completed on the ancient site within the Manor of the Rose. These buildings, which were of brick, were plain and severe, but not without a certain dignity. As to their internal arrangement, they seem to have followed the lines of their predecessors. For modern requirements, however, their cramped position made them quite unsuitable. When the Governors of Charterhouse, in 1867, transferred their school to Godalming, adopting the view, long since expressed by Mulcaster, that schools in towns should be "chopt for some field situation, far from disturbance," the Merchant Taylors' Company purchased the vacated site. A new school was built by Mr. Edward Ianson, a former pupil of the school, and in 1875 the Merchant Taylors removed to the great cloister garth of the "brothers of the Charterhouse."

The list of eminent Merchant Taylors begins with two names of the highest eminence—Edmund Spenser and Lancelot Andrewes, both of them Mulcaster's pupils. It is worthy of note that, in addition to Andrewes, four other pupils of Mulcaster attained the episcopate, among them Thomas Dove, Bishop of Peterborough, whom Queen Elizabeth playfully styled, "the Dove with the silver wings."

Of the four Archbishops educated here the best known is William Juxon the Primate. Two Merchant Taylors have presided over the province of York—Sir William Dawes and Dr. Gilbert; and one over the province of Armagh—Hugh Boulter, the contemporary of Swift, whose friendship he afterwards forfeited by his measures for diminishing the use of gold and increasing the silver currency.

Twenty-nine Bishops, including such prelates as Matthew Wren and Woodford, both of Ely, and Van Mildert of Durham, passed out from Merchant Taylors'. Among the translators of the Bible, Peryn, J. Spenser, Tonson, Bishop of Gloucester, and Ravens, were former scholars.

boast itself, with the one exception of Robert Lord Clive, part of whose school career was passed at the Merchant Taylors'.

One great poet, Spenser, has adorned the school, and his name must make up for the paucity of minor poets. Among these may be mentioned James Shirley (*ob.* 1666), the dramatist, and Henry Carey, who if not a poet, at least deserved well of poetry as the translator of Dante.

Of other well-known names the list is long and varied: Sir Edwin Sandys, Thomas Lodge, Lowth the commentator, Wheatley the Ritualist, Edmund Calamy of "Smeectymnuus" fame, Charles and Charles James Mathews, J. Gough Nicholls, Major the geographer; Sir Henry Ellis, Samuel Birch, and E. A. Bond, all of the British Museum; Hawkins, Provost of Oriel; and last, not least, Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's. Space forbids a larger selection. One name figures on the roll of which the school is not proud: that of Titus Oates. In the Probation List he is described by a contemporary as "the Saviour of the nation, first discoverer of that damnable, hellish, Popish plot in 1678"; but by a later hand in the same register as "perjured upon record, and a scoundrel fellow." His stay at Merchant Taylors' was short. To Sedlescombe School belongs the credit of "finishing" his education.

In the course of 334 years twenty-two Head Masters



MERCHANT TAYLORS' OLD SCHOOL: BACK VIEW,  
WITH CLOISTERS.

scholars, the usual works now ordinarily associated with Church missions among the poorer folk. It seems a far cry from the ancient Manor of the Rose to Shacklewell, but this latest departure is exactly in accordance with the principle on which the school was established by its pious founders.



THE MONITORS' TABLE, MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.



## RAILWAY STORIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Everyone in his time has had some queer experience in a railway carriage. Beyond travelling from a cricket-match with (literally) "a pig in a poke," nothing unusual ever occurred to me, except the adventure of the sleeping girl, and I don't know the end of *that*. I was going to Richmond, in July, by a train leaving Waterloo about seven, and in a first-class carriage. Just as the train was starting a girl entered; she was a tall, dark, handsome girl, very simply dressed in blue. I think ladies would have said that she was "not quite a lady"; but nobody could have deemed her other than highly respectable. No sooner had she entered the carriage than she fell fast asleep. I never saw any one sleep so sound. As we passed station after station, passengers tried to waken her. At Mortlake or some such place the guard was called, and he shook her with very considerable violence. Just as we moved on, he did waken her; and she had passed her station, whichever it was. At Richmond she got out, sat down, and cried like a child. I took the liberty of asking her address, which was in a street in one of these suburban towns; I put her into

"But I wonder I didn't see you at the station when we stopped here," said my informant to the cox.

"Where did you come from?" asked the steersman.

"Wick."

"Oh, I came from Exeter!"

No wonder they did not meet, for they had not been in the same train at all. My informant hurried to the station and asked who had occupied the berth above his own on the previous night. He was told that nobody had occupied it—it was empty. How, then, had he heard the dispute which was actually going on, hundreds of miles off, between the cox and the other traveller? My informant can give no answer to this question; he has had no similar adventure. *This* one did not happen in England, but in a foreign country; but, for reasons, I have altered the localities. On one point I am uncertain; I do not remember whether the cox had heard my friend's remonstrance or not.

My next railway story is nearly as mysterious in a different way. A man was going, when trains were much crowded, from London to Scotland. He could find no room, but at last the porter put him into an empty sleeping-car. Hence the guard promptly turned him out, saying that

at a Scotch University town, was greeted by an immense mob of students, singing—

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart!

You're dearly welcome to Skye again!

and other hospitable ditties? They presented her with a bouquet; they led her to a cab; they took out the horse; they dragged her to an hotel; they gave her three cheers, and—they went away! Now she was *not* the beautiful and accomplished vocalist to whom they meant to do honour. She was just a retiring young lady.

Goldmark's overture to his strange opera "Sakuntala" commenced the classical programme at the Promenade Concert on Sept. 18. Mr. Brozel gave the flower-song from "Carmen" very well, save that occasionally his phrasing was at fault; however, the audience was not hypercritical, and encored the singer, who responded with another operatic excerpt. Following this, Mr. John Dunn played with the orchestra Mendelssohn's inimitable Concerto. His tone and style were admirable throughout a piece which makes heavy demands on the violinist; as for the orchestra, it acquitted itself as admirably as



THE HALL OF THE MERCHANT TAYLORS' OLD SCHOOL, SUFFOLK LANE.

a cab, paid the fare, and sent her off home—for, indeed, it was near my own dinner-time. Who was she? Why was she so somnolent? Why did she sit down and cry like anything? And what was it all about? She was a very pretty girl; she was certainly respectable; she was not, of course, intoxicated; she did not seem to be an idiot; and I would pay a golden guinea to know her history for the earlier part of that July day.

I heard the following railway story from the lips of the "percipient," but, for good and sufficient reasons, I change the names and places. My informant was going up to his University on the last night of the vacation; he had a long journey before him, say from Wick, and travelled in a sleeping-carriage, selecting the lower of two berths. He was wakened in the night by a noisy altercation. Someone wanted to occupy the berth overhead, and someone in the berth was blaspheming volubly. My informant recognised in the blasphemer overhead the voice of the cox of his college boat. He admonished the cox to be less professional in his language, the turmoil ended, and my friend slept. Next day he arrived at Camford, and was turning out of the Turl into Petty Cury when he met the cox.

"What an awful row you were making in the train last night!" he said; and the cox explained that he had, indeed, taken the wrong berth, and had finally persuaded its owner to take his in exchange.

the car was engaged. But there was nobody in it, and no sign of luggage. The traveller sneaked back, got in, made himself comfortable for the night, and fell asleep. He wakened just outside of Carlisle, where he was to change for a place in the Glenkens. In the nearest sleeping-place was a sleeping form, covered from face to foot in a white sheet! There was none of the usual light luggage, but beneath the berth was a neat pair of lady's boots. The traveller was perplexed. Of course he did not lift the sheet from the face of the dead or living. At Carlisle he got out and rushed for the guard.

"I say, guard, *what is it* in this carriage?"

"I told you, Sir, that you had no business in there," said the guard very angrily, and the traveller has never yet learned who or what his fellow-passenger was. - I have constructed several hypotheses, but not one of them meets the facts of the case. They break down over the boots. "If anybody in this congregation thinks he has received light on this matter, I'll be pleased to speak w' him in the vestry," as the Greenock probationer said in the famous sermon on the building of Noah's Ark. As to the dark girl dressed in blue, it is twenty-three years since I restored her, in a hansom, to the bosom of her family, but if this page meets her eye she may assure herself that I have never forgotten her.

Among railway adventures may we not add that of a young lady—a timid and retiring young lady—who, arriving

one has come to expect when the bâton is held by Mr. H. J. Wood. The large audience seemed positively engrossed with the beautiful music of the Concerto, and applauded vehemently Mr. Dunn's brilliant rendering of it. When Mrs. Helen Trust obtains from a Promenade Concert audience such an undeniable encore as was demanded after her charming singing of Giordani's "Let not age," one is comforted with the progress made by the public in the appreciation of delicate art. Later on, Mrs. Trust gave an old English ballad with just the same popular favour. Schumann's Concerto for piano and orchestra was rendered with Mr. Frederick Dawson at his best. D'Erlanger's "Second Suite Symphonique" was given for the first time, and created a favourable impression. There were other items on an excellent programme.

The season of the Royal Choral Society will begin on Oct. 31 with a performance of "Elijah," which may be trusted to attract a vast multitude to the Albert Hall. Then at the second concert, on Nov. 21, the first part of the programme will be Dr. Hubert Parry's "Invocation to Music," composed in honour of Henry Purcell, and the second part will be taken up with selections from that lengthy work, "The Creation." Dr. Parry's ode will be heard for the first time at the Leeds Festival on Oct. 2, and is expected to enhance his already high reputation.





VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.*



## COOLGARDIE, WEST AUSTRALIA.

The present prosperous condition of Coolgardie is very different from the state of affairs as they existed in 1894, before English capital to any extent had been attracted to the gold-fields. The buildings recently erected to meet the requirements of the new town would surprise those who are only acquainted with the place as it was years ago. Similar buildings are now being erected by an English company known as the Town Properties of Western Australia. In like manner, buildings are now rising at Perth, Cue, and other places in which the same company is interested. Large fortunes were made in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Sydney by persons who took up town lots and erected buildings thereon, and it looks as if their example were being followed by the Town Properties of Western Australia. The illustrations which we publish are two views of the White Feather Reward Claim, one of the very first companies formed in England to work a gold-mining property in Western Australia. The White Feather Reward Claim was promoted by the West Australian Gold-fields, and will, probably, before these illustrations appear in print, commence crushing, although it was only purchased twelve months ago, and the machinery has had to be shipped and transported many thousands of miles. Our illustrations show the main shaft and the stamping machinery ready for work.

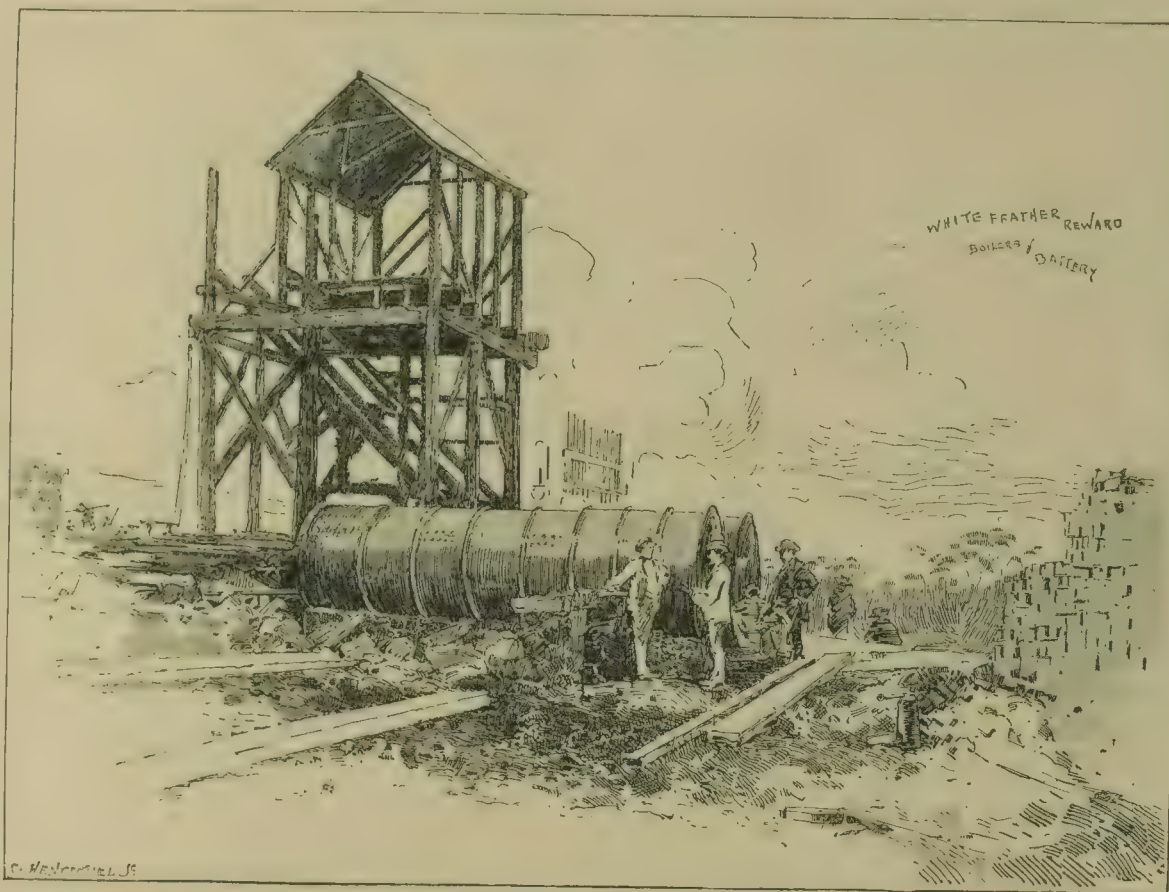
## ART NOTES.

The summer months, in which the world take its holidays, are not altogether periods of leisure at our public galleries. The comparative quiet of these eight weeks is usefully employed in setting the collections in order and hanging recent acquisitions. This has been especially the case at South Kensington and the National Gallery. In consequence of a sensible arrangement between the authorities, certain oil-paintings which were at South Kensington, purchases or bequests of previous years, have been transferred to the National Gallery, while a number of exceedingly interesting as well as instructive water-colours which were wholly lost sight of in Trafalgar Square have been moved to South Kensington. Possibly the actual terms under which this very practical convention has been made will become the subject of criticism. In the meanwhile it is sufficient to notice that while the drawings at South Kensington are carefully labelled "Lent by the Trustees of the National Gallery," no corresponding acknowledgment appears on the pictures exhibited at the latter place. Some explanation of an apparently one-sided arrangement should be forthcoming.

The most important of the oil pictures now hung at the National Gallery under this exchange is the portrait of St. Dominic by Gentile Bellini, which was purchased some years ago for the South Kensington Museum, out of funds coming from the same source as those of the National Gallery. There were a few other works by Italian masters obtained in the same way; but the majority of the pictures are by Dutch masters—Berchem, Backhuysen, Cuyt, and others—and one attributed to Van Eyck and another to Baldung Grün. These Dutch and German pictures mainly came from the Townshend, Parsons, and Mitchell bequests; and although many of them are creditable specimens of their respective masters,

"Richmond Hill," and "Bridlington Gateway" show three distinct periods of that artist's work; while the dozen sketches for subjects which he subsequently worked out in greater detail are of priceless value to those who care to avail themselves of this opportunity of studying Turner's methods. Some clever drawings by John Varley, more or less architectural, but having an historical

his oil-painting in later times; and last, but not least, Mr. J. W. North's "Gypsy Encampment," painted wholly under the influence of Fred Walker, yet with so much original talent as to foreshadow the career of success which the present Royal Academician has earned by steady work. Both the last-mentioned drawings are in water-colours, and take their place in the history of that branch which it has



COOLGARDIE GOLD-FIELDS: WHITE FEATHER REWARD—BOILERS AND BATTERY.

interest also; and a number of George Cattermole's interiors with groups of costumed men and women, serve to illustrate two interesting phases of English water-colour painting.

These drawings are hung in the room recently occupied by the Hope Collection, and it is anticipated that the history of this branch of art will be rendered more complete when the two rooms in which the pictures purchased by the Royal Academy out of the Chantrey Bequest are removed, as intended, to Bethnal Green. It will be a good opportunity then to thresh out the question whether all our water-colour drawings now scattered in two or three galleries should not be united at South Kensington;

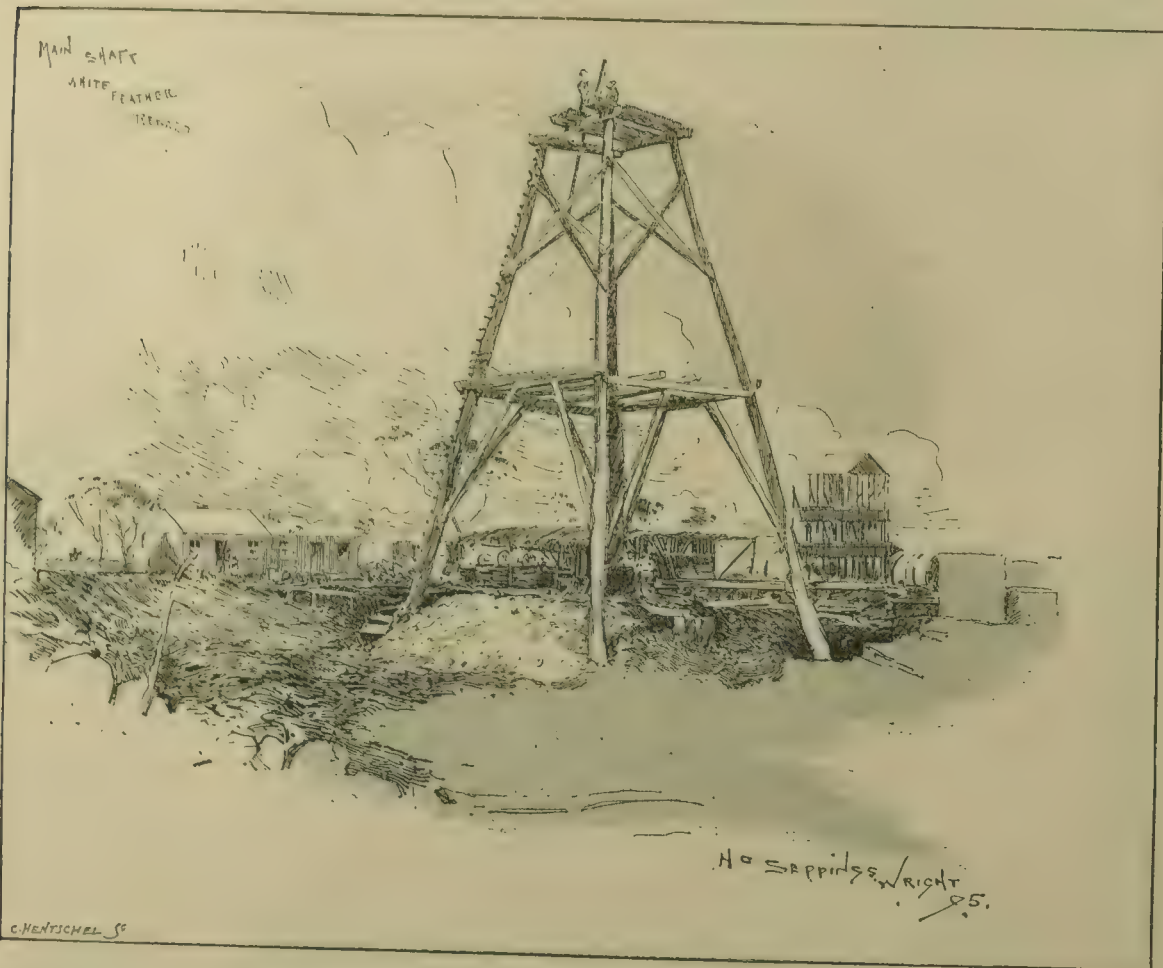
been the chief object of the present Director for Art to illustrate by an unbroken chain from Girtin to the present day.

The managers of the Continental Gallery (157, New Bond Street) probably understand the taste of those for whom they cater, and make their selections from the two Paris Salons—in the Champs Elysées and the Champ de Mars—with due regard to their customers. It is, therefore, no business of outsiders to offer any criticism upon the selection thus presented for public view. To us it is eminently satisfactory to find that the level of mediocrity is no higher in Paris than in London, although the choice of subjects is very different. English artists of that calibre, or young men seeking for public patronage, are generally timid, and consequently commonplace. French artists in the same position are audacious, if not in their subjects, at all events in their methods of painting, and seem too frequently to have the one dominant idea *d'embêter le bourgeois*. There are not a few of these artists' mystifications in the present display at the Continental Gallery, but for the most part they are harmless diversions rather than wild rhapsodies, while others suggest that the painters in their eagerness to appear before the public have omitted to go through that necessary discipline which would alone justify their vagaries. At any rate, the collection is not without a certain interest for those who care to institute comparisons between works of home and foreign manufacture.

It is reported that M. Faure, President of the French Republic, will be present at the coronation of the Czar of Russia. This would be in very truth a notable addition to the list of distinguished guests who are expected on that occasion. It is even stated that the President will go with a French squadron to Copenhagen to make the visit more impressive, and will afterwards visit the Danish and Swedish Courts.

On Sept. 18 a destructive fire broke out in Redcross Street, Southwark, speedily spreading and burning with great brilliancy. The premises of Messrs. Scrubb and Co., the well-known purveyors of cloudy ammonia and antiseptic household skin-soap, were seriously damaged, as were also those of other firms adjoining. But with enterprising promptitude, Messrs. Scrubb sent out the same day a circular announcing that all business would be carried on as usual in new premises.

The famous Gallery of Illustration, which was once the home of Nash, the celebrated architect, in Lower Regent Street, or, rather, Waterloo Place, and later the scene of a great variety of "entertainments," not forgetting the German Reed "show," has now passed into the hands of the Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, which has converted the whole of the vast ground floor into exceedingly handsome show-rooms and offices. Here are exhibited any number of high-class carriages, by the first London makers, fitted with the ingenious Dunlop pneumatic tyre, of which (for cycling purposes alone) the company has manufactured something like two millions since 1889! Having effected a revolution in the cycle industry by means of the introduction of the new tyre, the energetic and persevering company has, since 1893, turned its attention to carriage tyres, many thousands of which have been in constant use all over the world on all manner of carriages. This is but natural, for the Dunlop tyre has the advantages of securing for the riders in the carriages so fitted perfect freedom from shaking, considerable reduction of draught (amounting to about one-third), economy, and ready adaptability to existing wheels.



COOLGARDIE GOLD-FIELDS: WHITE FEATHER REWARD—MAIN SHAFT.

they did not justify their separate existence among more modern works.

In return for these oil paintings the South Kensington Museum has obtained an excellent series of De Wint's water-colour drawings, including such works as the "Lincoln Cathedral"—the ruins of the old Bishop's Palace at Lincoln—"Bray on the Thames," "Henderson Bridge," etc., an eminently instructive collection for students. In addition to these, Turner's "Loch Long,"

while the oil-paintings of the old masters are grouped at the National Gallery, and those of the modern at the still uncompleted Tate Gallery.

Especially prominent, however, among the new acquisitions at South Kensington are such works as the portrait in pastels of R. B. Sheridan, in a fancy costume with a rosette of blue and buff ribbon in his hair; Ford Madox Brown's "Elisha and the Widow's Daughter," painted before he had acquired the mannerism which distinguished



## LITERATURE.

## MORE HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

*The Little Huguenot.* By Max Pemberton. (Cassell and Co.)—Nobody can say that the historical romance is not having a good innings. It may not last much longer, but its own history shows that its revival is periodical. We had a pretty good spell of it in the heyday of Scott. It flourished under G. P. R. James and Bulwer, and reached its most artistic climax in "Esmond." Dickens and Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot and Anthony Trollope, gave new turns to the currents of fiction, which, at the present moment, are diverse enough; but the historical novel has taken a new and prolonged lease of popularity. This is not due to the choice of any particular century, for Dr. Conan Doyle's "White Company" and "The Refugees," separated in atmosphere by many generations, have been as successful as Mr. Stanley Weyman's researches into the fables of Henri Quatre. Mr. Max Pemberton's monarch is Louis XV., who, after the manner of the "Well Beloved," has cast eyes on the heroine. A very gay young officer, with the sort of reputation that caused Sainte-Beuve to wish he were a lieutenant of hussars, is sent by the King to bring the little Huguenot to the Court. He sees her first at prayer in the chapel of the château, and his inflammable heart—hearts were tinder in those days!—is fired at once. The description of the love-making is charming. No time is lost, for the fair châtelaine is as susceptible as the cavalier, whose intentions are quite honourable. Perhaps Sainte-Beuve would have been incredulous of this transformation in the lieutenant of hussars; but Mr. Pemberton does not write for Sainte-Beuves. His business is to make a pretty story; so he turns to excellent account a fanatical priest, who, when the reformed lieutenant is thrown into prison for gross disobedience of the King's commands, rescues the lovers by an expedient which lacks nothing on the score of audacity. The disappointment of the story is that there is not enough of Louis; but as Mr. Pemberton has his hand in, let him take a larger canvas for a romance of the reign which watered the seeds of the French Revolution. Old Dumas has touched some phases of it in "Joseph Balsamo," and there is plenty of the same stuff in the forgotten stories of Paul Féval. But now our historical fit has come again Mr. Pemberton should put his pirates to bed for a while, and throw his peculiarly graphic talent into some considerable romance of Dubarry and the Regent Orleans and John Law. The present volume is a spirited addition to Cassell's Pocket Library, which Mr. Pemberton is editing with enterprise and judgment.

## A RINGBY LASS.

*A Ringby Lass, and Other Stories.* By Mary Beaumont. (T. M. Dent and Co.)—There is a certain imagination and humour displayed in this collection of stories which arrest the hand of severe criticism. The little book is evidently the work of a beginner, who has not learnt to eliminate the unnecessary from her narratives, or to keep her subject well in hand. The reader is wearied by rapturous descriptions of scenery that have no relation to the stories, and conversations quaintly insignificant. The amiable young lady who figures through most of the sketches, acting as a kind of chorus, is a particularly irritating personality, and wholly superfluous. Her beauty, amiability, and love of the picturesque do not compensate for her irrelevant obtrusiveness. The authoress is apt to make matter of the pegs upon which she hangs her themes, consequently the stories lose their value. Particularly in the "White Christ," which is otherwise an excellent composition touched with poetic idealism, is noticeable the predominance of the immaterial—in other words, of the peg. "A Ringby Lass," however, is a pretty little love story concerning a very good young man and an equally good young woman, who quarrel in a hurry and make up at their leisure. The character of Thomas, the peasant servant, is strongly drawn. He is, perhaps, the most realistic creation in the book, and certainly the most amusing. Here and there among the minor personages of the other stories the reader gets glimpses of the same power of delineating character which promises more for the future of Miss Beaumont's literary career than the doings of her heroes and heroines collectively. "The Revenge of Her Race," the last story in this little volume, is peculiarly interesting, and only misses the level of pure tragedy by a too desultory treatment.

The figure of this savage-born princess, reared under the influence of civilisation, worshipping her English husband, yet yearning for the wild freedom of her race, watching her children with the ever-present thought that

they might inherit the craving that was breaking her own heart, absenting herself from their presence lest she might contaminate them, and dying at last alone, is strangely pathetic. The following passage gives a vivid impression of the fall of the Maori princess—

He says he never saw anything like her face, so sad and wild, and working for all the world as if something were fighting her within. Then, all in a minute, she ran out and slipped down in her beautiful dress, close by the old Maori in his dirty rags, and was rubbing her face against his, as them folks do when they meet. She had just taken a mouthful of the raw fish, when Master Horace missed her. He hadn't noticed her slip away. But in a moment he seemed to understand what it meant. He saw the Maori come out strong in her face, and he knew the Maori had got the better of everything, husband and friends and all. He gave a little cry, and in a minute he had her on her feet, and was bringing her back to the carriage.

## THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED."

The October number of this popular magazine opens with one of Mr. George Gissing's short stories, "The Fate of Humphrey Snell." Humphrey is a child of the woods, a

## IRISH CHARACTERISATION.

*Golden Lads and Girls.* By H. A. Hinkson. (Downey and Co.)—It seems a simple thing to say, and no great praise, but we are forced to begin by saying that Mr. Hinkson both knows what he is writing about, and how to write about it. The student of modern Irish literature, and only he, can appreciate the greatness and the rarity of that distinction. Many Irishmen, even men of genius among them, have known well their chosen theme, but not how it should be treated; many have had fine powers of writing, and wasted them upon alien and uncongenial themes, which they had not mastered. Irish novels in plenty provoke this kind of comment: "He knows his Irish gentry, but his peasants are absurd," or *vice versa*. Mr. Hinkson touches nothing which he does not know, and his story is true to character, probability, and fact throughout. In truth, interesting and attractive as are his conception and plot, there is yet greater fascination, and far greater power, in the setting and atmosphere of the story. "The course of true love," with its lets and hindrances, though excellently told, has been as well told by some of Mr. Hinkson's equals, and supremely well told by his and their superiors;

but the spirit and savour of the book, its Irish portraiture and scenery and circumstance, are most admirable, and far from common. They will probably perplex and confuse the ordinary English reader who, whatever be his political and religious creed, can only see an Ireland of his own, black as the pit on one side, white as snow on the other, with no intermediate shades. Mr. Hinkson's Irishmen have none of this false facility of characterisation. He gives us Catholic and Protestant clergy upon excellent social terms with each other; a Catholic manservant passionately devoted to an old Protestant house; a young Fenian, who is positively "a scholar and a gentleman"; jovial Trinity men, who are more than rowdy fools; Irish Unionists, doctors or soldiers, who are not bitter against the masses. He lets a very pretty irony play about his pages, and, while not disguising his own sympathies, has no mock heroics nor ungentele sneers. He feels the element of humour which accompanies the saddest or the holiest things in Ireland and the ready gaiety of Irish intercourse, so often disarmingly burlesqued. In a word, whether he treats of town or country, his Ireland is alive and genuine. Dublin, for example, though but the background of a few chapters, is wonderfully hit off; Trinity, the Mansion House, a Nationalist newspaper office, their humours in greater or less degree are delightfully rendered. Indeed, Mr. Hinkson might well give us a Dublin novel. He appreciates the tragi-comedy of that beautiful and distressful city, with her strange air of remembering a great past and of waiting for a great future, while in the meantime she is exceedingly active and alive, enjoying a social life of perhaps greater interest and variety than any in the world. But whatever phase of Irish life within Mr. Hinkson's experience he may choose next, he has given proof that he will handle it with an intuitive sympathy, and with a natural insight into the apparent contradictions and inconsistencies of that "unreasonably reasonable" race, the Irish.

He writes in a sound and pleasant style, free from all modern affectations and absurdities: needless to say, he does not embellish the speech of peasants with brogue and phrase unknown to Ireland, nor do his other various characters run riot with sham "Irish" witticisms. His book does not leave the impression that he considers Ireland a country requiring humble and apologetic explanation, or that he thinks rhetorical defiance of "the Saxon" essential to an Irish patriot. There is a beautiful common-sense in his attitude, which helps to make his story impressive; for it is not a propagandist novel, but a simple picture of Irish life from certain aspects; and his easy restraint of manner gives its incidental "lessons" a double force. Its sanity and reasonableness are not incompatible with qualities which most Englishmen and some Irishmen deem more Irish. There is no lack of fun, no stint of whisky, no want of excitement; there are two or three odd characters and glimpses of eccentric life. The "golden lads and girls" are excellent company, well assorted, and distinguished among themselves, and their fortunes are worth following; for members of that illustrious University, by other Universities incongruously nicknamed "the Silent Sister," the book should have an especial charm. It is delightful to find Mr. Hinkson making the walls of Trinity ring, not only with an enchanting Greek version of the "Three Jolly Postboys," but with Ferguson's *Cean Dubh Deilish* and Mangan's "Dark Rosaleen." It is hardly fanciful to find here an epitome of the books: it is full of merriment, of love, of patriotism; it is not without its sadness, and it is the work of an Irish scholar, who shows himself to be also an Irish artist.



"It isn't my fault," sobbed the girl. "They've turned me out, and I don't know where to go."

ILLUSTRATION BY MR. FRED BARNARD TO MR. GISSING'S STORY IN THE "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE" FOR OCTOBER.

culler of simples, a humble naturalist who earns his livelihood by selling roots to herbalists. The "fate" that comes to him is a girl with a foolish face, and the irruption of this disturbing element into his pastoral existence is very happily described. "Jetchie," by Miss Frances Forbes-Robertson, is the story of a deceiver, one of those sad and bad young men who haunt studios, steal away the hearts of susceptible ladies in painting-aprons, and then go off leaving no address. Mr. Percy Andrew tells a capital yarn of a conspiracy of diplomatists which baulked a royal wedding. It may be hoped that the simple reader will not infer from Mr. Morley Roberts's story, "The Arbitrator," that disputes between editor and contributor which are referred to arbitration usually end in assault and battery. In this case the editor and contributor punched each other's head, under the impression that it was the arbitrator's. "Stamps Enclosed for Reply" is an ingenious episode of crime, with the indispensable and omniscient detective. One of the best things in the number is "The Steeplejack," in the series entitled "How the Other Half Lives." A lively account of "Chamois-Stalking," one of Mr. Grant Allen's interesting papers on the old Italian painters, and Mr. Cornish's sketch of Carl Hagenbeck, "The Moltke of Menagerie-Owners," make up a very diversified table of contents. Among the excellent illustrations is a reproduction of Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Spinstress."



## THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET.

A VISIT TO THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS  
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

## SECOND LETTER.

A few days in Albany sufficed to see all that was interesting, when, on learning of our approaching departure for Perth, the courteous general manager of the Southern Railway, the Hon. J. A. Wright, kindly placed his private saloon carriage at our disposal, and offered to accompany us on what he styled "a personally conducted tour up the line." The whole journey proved a sort of delightful holiday excursion, for Mr. Wright was the most charming and entertaining of guides.

The journey from Albany to Perth, a distance of 330 miles, is not impressive, for it occupies about sixteen hours, which is not what may be considered dangerously rapid travelling. The average speed all through never amounts to more than twenty-five miles an hour, which is easy-going travelling, and gives one ample time to enjoy the scenery on either side. The luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation to be seen everywhere, combined with the

is payable in instalments, covering a period of twenty years, subject to certain restrictions, such as compulsory living on the property, fencing it in, and generally improving it within certain fixed periods after possession is taken.

The *modus operandi* of clearing the forests seldom varies. "Ring-barking" is chiefly resorted to where the timber is very heavy and where time is no immediate object. This method of tree destruction is simple in the extreme: a ring of bark is cut away round the trunk some three feet from the ground; this effectually kills the sap, and within two seasons the entire tree is in a complete state of decay, and ready for the big fire which is eventually kindled. The effect of miles and miles of dead trees waving their gaunt, leafless branches in the bright sunlight is indescribably weird and depressing.

Of the many varieties of the ever-present "Eucalyptus gum" trees, the Jarrah (*Eucalyptus marginata*) and the Karri (*Eucalyptus diversicolor*) are perhaps the most in request at the present moment. Immense quantities of the latter wood are being annually exported from the colony to London, where it is extensively used for wood-pavement and railway sleepers. It is estimated that there are at the present moment at least a hundred thousand acres of these magnificent trees in the colony.

There are few stopping places of any importance for

the country, though to my mind the soil appeared too rich for the purpose. This is the usual fault of all Australian vineyards, I believe.

Our saloon carriage was coupled on to the mail train for Perth in the evening, and it was with a feeling of regret we left the little township in which we had made so pleasant a stay. In the early hours of the morning we reached Beverley.

The Government line from Beverley to Perth, a distance of some hundred miles, is certainly the most curious specimen of railway engineering it has ever been my luck to travel over, having been laid as cheaply as possible from start to finish. To describe it as constructed on the "switchback" principle would be to put it mildly, for when laying it no attempt whatever was made to overcome any physical difficulties the country presented, with the result that the line runs up hill and down dale without any attention to gradients or other such trifles. Cuttings are unknown, and although a high range of hills, the Darlings, has to be crossed, there is no such thing as a tunnel anywhere. Standing on the platform of the car looking back along the line, the effect is most extraordinary, and one wonders how any engine can be built to stand such terrific work. And as to the curves, well, I had never before believed the story of the new engine-driver in South America, who



THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET: THE CITY OF PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.

Sketch by our Special Artist Mr. Julius M. Price.

delightful aroma of the burning of gum-tree wood, imparts a sense of repose which is particularly refreshing after the continual movement of ship-board life.

The line of the Great Southern Railway ends at a place called Beverley, some 242 miles from Albany, where it joins the Government railways from Fremantle and Perth. The country along the greater part of both lines is decidedly monotonous.

"The great drawback here," said Mr. Wright, as I expatiated on the magnificent possibilities of the country, "is that as soon as intending settlers from England arrive out here and see the enormous amount of work in the way of clearing they have before them, instead of finding farms ready made, as they expected, they often lose heart, get into debt with the storekeepers, and end by flocking to the towns, where they merge into the great army of loafers, living by hook or by crook. Of course, however, you will understand," he added, "this does not apply to men with a certain amount of capital, nor to men with energy who come out to the country with some experience at their backs and the determination to make a home and a living. To such men the prospects which this country offers are unbounded. In my opinion," he continued, "the great secret of successful colonisation would be solved by the selection of colonists before they left the mother-country, but the difficulties of such a scheme seem insurmountable."

Land in this part of the colony is absurdly cheap, and even along the line of railway there are still thousands and thousands of acres for sale at the nominal figure of from ten shillings to one pound per acre. The purchase money

some distance from Albany, most of the "stations" having sprung into existence since the Great Southern Railway was opened for traffic. Though many of them have high-sounding names, a few zinc shanties and occasionally a "bush store" are what they generally comprise.

The aborigines themselves, to whom in the past these wilds were a happy hunting-ground, have long since departed; they are dying out so rapidly, in obedience to some immutable law of nature, that a couple of generations hence, in all probability, scarcely a single one of them will remain. Apropos of the aborigines, Mr. Wright told us two amusing incidents illustrative of the effect which the opening of the railway had on them. They assembled at many points in order to examine the new mystery, and all agreed that there was something very uncanny about the train, because it left no "track," while on seeing the telegraph-wires on both sides of the line, they expressed their opinion that it was a very bad fence, because anybody could get under it!

The following morning was spent in visiting the farm of Mr. Piesse, one of the big landowners of the district, a gentleman who has done much towards opening up the district. Although it is not very long since the whole neighbourhood was covered with bush, so energetic has he been that he has many hundreds of acres of splendid land under cultivation. The wheat, I learnt, was thriving capitally, and fruit-trees which had only been planted a couple of years were flourishing in the most extraordinary manner. Vines he intends making a special feature of, so he told us, with the idea of eventually producing a wine of

pulled up when he saw some lights in front of him, and which turned out to be those of his own train, but this bit of line could almost give that one points and win easily. Feeling oneself tearing at full speed down the steepest gradient (many of them, I noticed, were as much as 1 in 30) was most exciting, and it was often a wonder to me that the train did not run away with the engine, and certainly that accidents have not been of frequent occurrence is more a matter of good luck than anything else.

An amusing story was told me of an English engineer who was being shown the line and was allowed to travel on the locomotive. After watching the driver intently for some moments as he deftly manipulated the break at each variation of the grades, he remarked suddenly: "Why, this man is not an engine-driver but an artist!"

The last portion of the journey to Perth is delightful, and in the bright sunlight all looks so old-fashioned and settled that it is hard to realise we are still within touch of pathless wilds, and that all this smiling country is still "new." A bend in the line at last brings us in view of the city of Perth, standing out in white relief against its surrounding background of foliage, and looking singularly tropical in the clear atmosphere, its many zinc-covered roofs and white walls at this distance heightening the illusion; while winding through the valley at our feet, and imparting additional charm to the effect, is the beautiful river Swan, on which the city stands. In a few minutes the train glides into a large and handsome station, the platform of which is thronged with a busy crowd of people.

We are in the capital of Western Australia.





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## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rome's occupation by the Italian troops has given rise to much controversial writing in which, of course, it is not my province to join. Without, however, entering into the question of the revival of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, one may be permitted to look for a moment at that extraordinary proposal started, I believe, in one of our most esteemed contemporaries—the "Ransom of Rome"; in other words, the scheme for the purchase of Rome by the Holy Father by means of a subscription from the faithful Catholics throughout the world. The project, I read, was received both by the Vatican and the Quirinal as a huge and not altogether pleasant joke. I am afraid that this is the light in which it is and will be looked upon by most men of no matter what creed who think for themselves. The originator of the project might just as well have suggested the purchase of Alsace and Metz by the French. Did he for one moment reflect upon the probable position of King Humbert or Emperor Wilhelm after such a bargain had been ratified—if it were ratified, for can one imagine those sovereigns being allowed to append their signatures to the deed?

Yet, the originator of the scheme is, I feel persuaded, not only perfectly sincere but inspired by the best of all faiths—the wish to be a peacemaker. Nay more, he has probably a deeper insight into the feeling which makes the Papacy cling to Rome than ninety-nine per cent. of those who discuss the question glibly and who assume that the possession of Rome and temporal sovereignty were synonymous in the mind of Pius IX., and are synonymous in the mind of his successor. I may be mistaken, but I am under the impression that if it were a question of temporal sovereignty only—namely, of a desire on the part of the Holy See to be master of all it surveys, the difficulty might have been solved before now, though not without an enormous outlay. There are, at any rate, three small States in Europe the purchase of which might have been attempted, and perhaps not without success, and the Holy See transferred to one of them—namely, the Principality of Monaco, the Republics of San Martino and of the Valley of Andora. The Powers of Europe might have guaranteed the absolute inviolability and neutrality of the new Papal States in the event of war or rectification of the frontier, and in that way the Papacy might have found a new home.

I have confined myself to the mention of three States, the purchase of which has been suggested more than once during the last thirty years; there was one other which commended itself to the late François Blanc of Monte Carlo fame.

One day, at the end of the war of 1870, Blanc was bewailing his lot to a friend and myself at Homburg. His German concessions were drawing to an end, and he felt certain that they would not be renewed. "The chances of renewal were small enough before the war," he said; "they are absolutely *nil* now. They have been fought for at

Reichshofen, Mars-la-Tour and Sedan, just as Waterloo was said to have been fought at Eton and Harrow. Yes; I have Monaco still; but that will be taken next; for there will be no end to the fighting, and great States, when they have killed a couple of hundred thousand soldiers with success and aggrandised their power, become exceedingly moral, and will not stand gaming-tables. Monaco will be swallowed up one day by France when she gets on her legs again, or else by Italy. If I could but find a kitchen, a stable, or a garret, in which to establish another bank unmolested!"

"I could give you all three," replied my friend, who owned a great deal of land in Russia; "unfortunately, there is no railway to them. But I have another idea. Why not sound Prince Lichtenstein? He has not made his peace with Prussia, and is not likely to do so for a long while. He may establish as many tables as he likes in his principality, and Vaduz is by no means an ugly spot."

I do not know if my friend was in earnest, but Blanc took his advice. A few months later the Austrian papers teemed with comments on Blanc's projects. He had offered to contribute a million francs per annum to the St. Peter's Pence Fund for every table established in Vaduz; moreover, would undertake to build a Vatican for Pius IX. in the event of his being driven from Rome by the Italians. Prince Lichtenstein, though a fervent Catholic, was highly indignant at the proposal.

Suppose, however, that Prince Lichtenstein had lent his ear, would Pius have consented to leave Rome? No, distinctly no! Nor will any of his successors. Rome is the cradle of the Papacy, and no one transfers his cradle to a spot with which it has no associations. Only seven out of the 258 occupants of the Papal throne (including St. Peter and Leo XIII.) have voluntarily and without reason or pretext abandoned Rome. They even had the intention of making Avignon the centre of the Catholic world. This transfer was not only not crowned with success, but fraught with disastrous results from the Catholic point of view.

The moral consequences were even more disastrous. There were such prolonged vacancies in the Holy See that they became a positive scandal. Then came the great schism, the most pernicious and the longest, inasmuch as it lasted fifty-one years—from Sept. 20, 1378, to July 26, 1429. According to some historians the Reformation was the direct outcome of that schism.

Something else: of the 258 Popes, 107 were natives of Rome and thirty-nine were born in the Papal States themselves. I might go on multiplying reasons why the Papacy will not leave Rome unless it be forced. When during the preliminaries to the Treaty of Frankfurt it was proposed to redeem Belfort for a milliard, Thiers was opposed to it. "A city one may recover, a milliard one never recovers," Leo XIII. though by no means ungenerous, is not free-handed, but he would not advance such an argument. The difficulty of "ransoming" Rome will not be in the finding of the money, but in the getting of the Italians to accept it.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 13, 1893), with a codicil (dated July 30, 1893), of the Right Hon. George Robert Charles, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, of Wilton House, Salisbury, who died at Bad Nauheim, Hesse, Germany, on May 3, was proved on Sept. 14 by the Right Hon. Sidney, Earl of Pembroke, the brother, and Sir Edward Walter Hamilton, K.C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £268,000. The testator gives £2000 each to his brother, the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, and to his sisters, the Baroness von Hugel and Lady Elizabeth Maud Parry; £1000 to Sir Edward Walter Hamilton; £500 to his brother, the present Earl; and 7, Carlton House Terrace, 287, City Road, the use and enjoyment for life of his mansion-house, Mount Merion, with the park and gardens, and the residue of his personal estate to his wife, the Countess of Pembroke. He charges the property contained in his marriage settlement with the payment of annuities of £1000 to his mother, Lady Herbert of Lea; £500 to his brother the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert; and £100 to his steward at Wilton, Charles Mitchell; and bequeaths to the person who shall succeed to the property comprised in the said settlements, certain articles of furniture, statues, pictures, etc., farming stock and implements, and money at the local banks and in the hands of his estate agents. He settles his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property in England and Ireland, excepting that comprised in the said marriage settlement, on his brother Earl Pembroke.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Jan. 13, 1891) of Sir George Hornidge Porter, Bart., J.P., D.L., late of 3, Merrion Square, North Dublin, who died on June 16, granted to Julia Lady Porter, the widow, and Sir William Henry Porter, Bart., the son, the executors, was resealed in London on Sept. 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland exceeding £57,000. The testator gives £500 each to his friends Sir George Owens and Benjamin Whitney; £500 to the daughters of his sister Mrs. Catherine Leeper; £400 to the daughters of his sister Mrs. Jane Johns; £300 to the daughters of his sister Mrs. Mary Cooper; £100 to Graves Samuel Eves, specific gifts of jewellery and plate to his wife and son; and £250 and such a sum as with the income of his marriage settlement will make up £1050 per annum to his wife, Lady Porter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1892), with a codicil (dated July 2, 1894) of Sir Steuart Macnaghten, Chairman of the Southampton Dock Company, of Bittern Manor House, Southampton, who died on June 28, has been proved by Dame Amy Katharine Macnaghten, the widow. The value of the estate amounts to £16,720; in addition there is a sum of £16,883 reserved for judicial decision as to whether the deceased had power to dispose of it; and also a sum of £48,800 which passes to his only son under settlements. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the trustees of his last marriage settlement, and subject thereto gives, devises, disposes, and bequeaths all his real and

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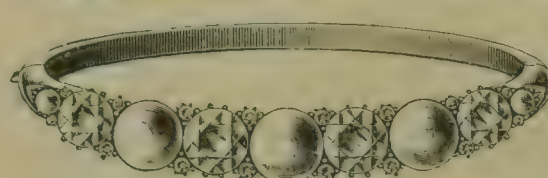
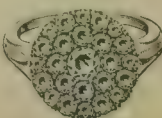
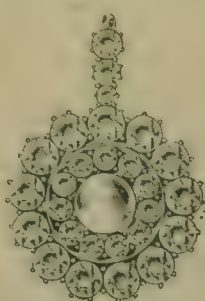
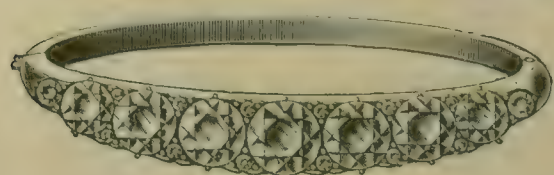
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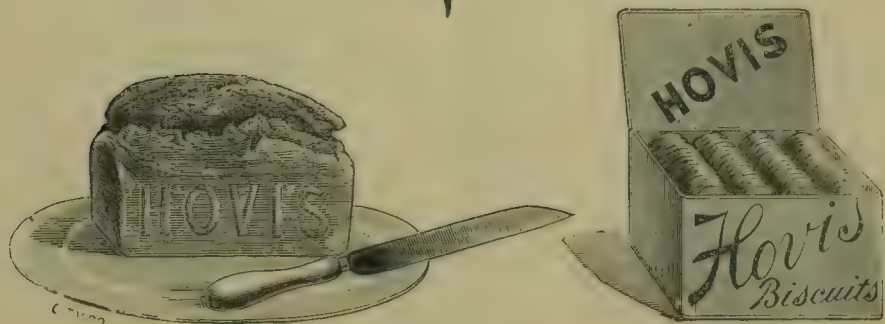
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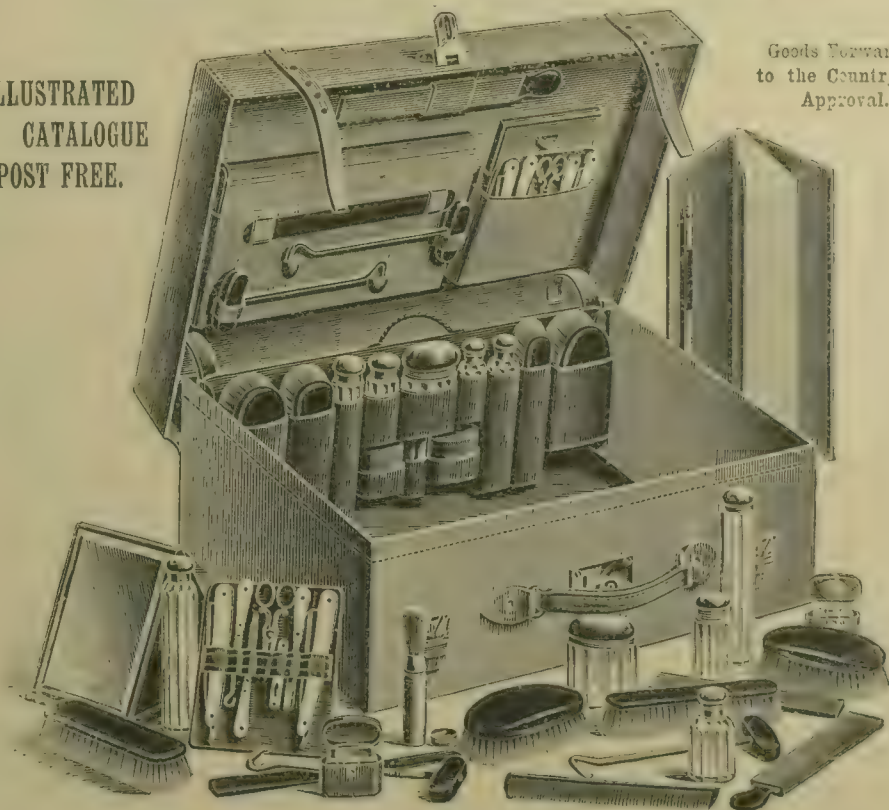
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personal estate whatsoever or whosoever to his wife, "feeling assured that she will so deal with and dispose thereof after her death as to make the disposition as nearly equal as possible between our two daughters, our son Angus being otherwise amply provided for." Under the settlements the deceased covenants to provide his widow with a jointure of £1600 a year, and £12,000 as a portion for his younger children.

The will (dated March 2, 1890), with a codicil of the same date, of Mr. George Wilkin, late of Warren Corner, Crondall, Southampton, who died on Aug. 3, was proved on Sept. 14 by Frederick Wilkin, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £55,838. The testator gives his pictures, plate, household furniture, crops, and farm implements at Warren Corner to his brother Frederick; £10 to each of the labourers who shall be in his employ at the time of his death, and a legacy to his housekeeper. He devises his real estate, his share in the estates at Brompton, Middlesex, and in the borough of Southwark, and his leasehold property in Drury Lane to his said brother Frederick. The residue of his property he leaves as to one sixth to the children of his brother James, one sixth each to his brothers Henry and William, and to his sisters Charlotte and Marianne, and the remaining one sixth to the three daughters of his sister Dame Amelia Yardley.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1884), with a codicil (dated May 9, 1889), of Mr. Frederick Charles Follett, late of the Middle Temple and East Molesey, who died on Aug. 5, was proved on Sept. 7 by Frederick Tucker Follett, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £50,000. The testator bequeaths £14,000 upon trust for his daughter Georgina Sarah Follett; £10,000 upon trust for his daughter Charlotte Caroline Hermon, and there are some specific gifts of silver between them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Frederick Tucker Follett.

The will (dated March 15, 1892) of Mr. George Burleigh, late of Devonshire House, The Drive, Hove, Sussex, who died on July 19, was proved on Sept. 12 by Mrs. Mary Eloy Burleigh, the widow, Laurence Burleigh, Frederick George Mountford, and George Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £27,959. The testator gives and devises Devonshire House upon trust for his wife for life, and then to his niece Elizabeth Mary Taylor, legacies to his executors, and his wines and consumable stores, and the money standing at current account at his bankers', to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life. At her death £2000 is to go to his nephew, Frederick George Mountford, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between Elizabeth Mary Taylor and Frederick George Mountford in equal shares.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 17, 1894) of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick John Harden, late of the Bedfordshire Regiment, quartered at Aldershot, who died in London on June 2, was resealed in London on Sept. 10 by Richard James Harden, D.L., and Major George Harden, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate



THE AYR GOLD CUP.

At the Western (Ayr) Race Meeting, the Gold Cup was won by Mr. C. J. Cunningham's Linton, on Sept. 20. The trophy was decidedly worth a contest judging from the illustration we give. The body and support of the cup are fluted and chased in high relief in the Italian style, the whole being surmounted by a figure of Victory in the delicate Grecian style. The plinth, usually made of ebony, was in this instance all of sterling silver. The Ayr Gold Cup was the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

in England and Ireland amounting to £24,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his brother Major George Harden; £1000 each to Mrs. Harden, of Harrybrook, and to his nephew, James Harden; £100 to the Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army; £100 each to the Officers' Mess of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Bedfordshire Regiment, for the purchase of a silver cup or piece of plate; and a conditional legacy of £1000 each to his cousins, Blanche and Mary Lloyd Edwards. He leaves £1000 to the Rector of Ballymore Tandragee and the owner for the time being of the Harrybrook estate, upon trust, for the poor of that parish. The residue of his property he gives to his brother, Richard James Harden, absolutely.

The will of Mr. John Stamper Kitching, late of Scarborough, Yorkshire, who died on June 8, was proved on

Sept. 14 by Mrs. Mary Helena Kitching, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £5666.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the last will and testament of Mr. John Begg Robertson, M.B., late of Shennono Bridge, who died in Cape Colony on Oct. 9 last, granted to Mrs. Jessie Mildred Robertson, the widow, Charles Stuart Robertson, and William Fletcher, the executors nominate, has now been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £5389.

#### ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION.

Mr. C. E. Borchgrevink hopes to be further concerned in carrying on Antarctic exploration. He has, of course, only recently returned from the very remarkable voyage which he made to the Southern seas on board a whaler. The results of that voyage have given the movement for an Antarctic expedition, which has been simmering for some time, an undoubted stimulus. Mr. Borchgrevink brings back details of the Antarctic which tend to show that an expedition would not be altogether so difficult an undertaking as some people have supposed.

Among scientific men there is a perfect consensus of opinion that a well-equipped expedition would to a certainty yield the most valuable results. For example, our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism cannot be complete until we have the same grip of the Antarctic regions from that point of view as we now have of the rest of the world. Then the natural history of the Antarctic has still to be fully mastered, although Ross half a century ago, and Dr. John Murray and his colleagues of the *Challenger* more recently, accomplished investigations which placed science under an immense and eternal debt of gratitude to them. In fine, the exploration of the Antarctic may be said to be the one great piece of exploration—as distinguished, say, from the attempt to reach the North Pole—which remains to be done. Who is to take it in hand—private endeavour, the nations, or rather the scientific forces of the nations working hand in hand, or is it to be England as a State? Some hold that it is for us as a people to go through with the great task which Sir James Ross began.

These things may remain for a little on the knees of the gods, but the increasing signs point to the inevitableness one day of an expedition. One hears that Mr. Borchgrevink's immediate proposal is an inland expedition to the South Magnetic Pole, the main basis of operations being at Cape Adair, the sentinel of that great Southern continent—as most scientists now think—on which he has been the first known human being to place foot. But as Dr. John Murray humorously remarked at the Geographical Congress, who knows that Mr. Borchgrevink might not, in penetrating into Victoria Land, find a veritable Princess of Antarctica and her Court to welcome him? If he did he might be relied upon to do his utmost to persuade the Southern Cinderella and a group of her folks to come and see us here in the North.

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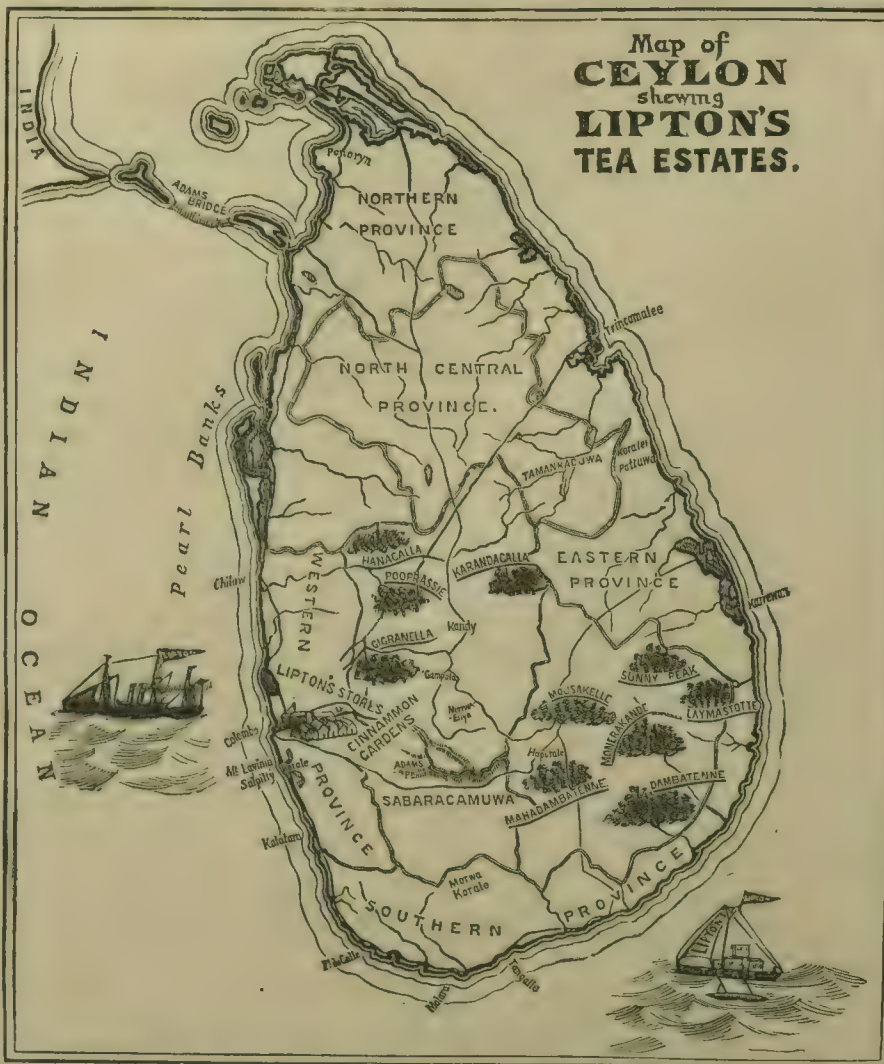
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## No. 3. OCTOBER 1895.

- I. HIGHLAND SPORT in the LAST GENERATION  
Alexander Innes Shand  
Illustrated by A. THORBURN.
- II. THE MAN IN THE MOUNTAINS  
Guy Cadogan Rothery  
Illustrated by H. M. BROCK.
- III. SOME TARPON ADVENTURES Otis Mygatt  
With Illustrations supplied by the Author.
- IV. A HAVER WITH TOM MORRIS  
H. S. C. Everard  
Illustrated by FRANK CRAIG and N. J. GIBB, and from Photographs.
- V. NOTES FROM AN AMBUSH Fred Wishaw  
Illustrated by N. ARTHUR LORRAINE.
- VI. HUNTING IN INDIA Richard Green-Price  
Illustrated by JOHN BEER.
- VII. THE OLD SPORTSMAN Andrew Lang
- VIII. CUB-HUNTING The Earl of Yarborough  
Illustrated by C. E. BROCK.
- IX. OXFORD REMINISCENCES R. K. Mainwaring  
Illustrated by STANLEY BERKELEY.
- X. RAFT-FISHING IN NORWAY Edwin Lester Arnold  
Illustrated by H. G. MASSEY, A.R.P.E.
- XI. CYCLING FOR WOMEN Lady Jeune  
Illustrated by LUCIEN DAVIS.
- XII. NOTES by "RAPIER"

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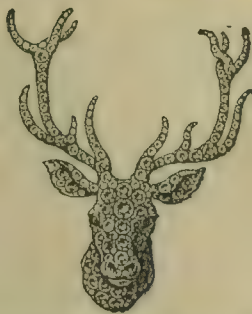
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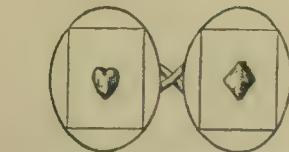
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Fate willed it that the first dramatic notices I ever wrote were on the subject of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet." I had scarcely been appointed dramatic critic to the *Sunday Times* in 1863 when a young actor called Walter Montgomery went through a round of Shaksperian characters in the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. I had previously met Montgomery at the fireside of my old War Office friend Tom Hood, at his rooms in Brompton, and on that occasion he gave us "a bit of the quality" by admirably reciting Edwin Waugh's Lancashire ballad "Come hoam to yon childer and me," and "King Orry's Grave," a spirited poem of Manxland, which he startled us by stating had been composed for him by old Martin Tupper, the much-chaffed author of "Proverbial Philosophy." So this being the case, I was, of course, present on the first night of the semi-French Juliet, Stella Colas, who with Walter Montgomery was so mercilessly slated by George Henry Lewes. He called Montgomery the "ranting Romeo," and treated the pretty French girl to some very uncomplimentary expressions. From that day to this I have never been able to divest my mind of the idea that when Shakspeare called his love play a tragedy, and wrote such scenes as those between Romeo, Juliet, and the "comfortable Friar," when he made Romeo "take the measure of an unmade grave" on the floor of the cell; when he made Juliet declare that she would "leap from yonder battlements sooner than marry Paris"; when he put into her mouth such staccato utterances as "Give me! Give me!" as she seized the phial which was to give her temporary death; when he made Juliet, half distracted with fright, imagine herself in the hideous charnel-house of her buried ancestors, seeing Tybalt "festered in his shroud," and trying to dash her brains out with a ghastly bone—that he, the poet Shakspeare, did not intend such scenes to be acted in the fashion of a drawing-room recitation. There were critics in 1863 who applauded colourless acting, and there are plenty of them around us now who congratulate Mrs. Patrick Campbell, our newest Juliet, for getting rid of what they call "stage conventions"—that is to say, substituting elegant commonplace for strong, vigorous acting. No one denounced more loudly than I did in my salad days the mouthing, over-gesticulating, roaring, ranting, and barn-storming of some of the immediate followers of the old Macready school; but as a ranter Walter Montgomery was not in the same hunt

with Mounet-Sully of to-day; and if Stella Colas was of the ranting school, then we must include in it, I fear, our old friend Sarah Bernhardt. The simple fact is that they all played tragedy, and I do not think that anyone can play tragedy with drawing-room tone and gesture. Anyhow, I wish that some of those who so earnestly applaud the new method of acting tragedy could have seen the Juliet of Stella Colas and of Adelaide Neilson, who was surely an ideal representative of the character. But the "tea-cup and saucer school," so much derided in the days of Robertson, seems to have descended in full force upon Shakspeare's tragedies. Mild and nervous Lady Macbeths, sweet and gentle Queen Katharines, and Burne-Jones Romeos are succeeded by wan and whispering Juliets, by merely conversational Mercutios, and by Nurses as gentle-mannered as those who wheel the baby-perambulators in the London parks. I am aware that some of the conversation of our good old friend the Nurse is not quite fit for publication, but I should dearly like to see the restoration of some of the fun of old Mrs. Manders and of Mrs. Stirling. As to the Queen Mab speech, it is sometimes excessively and inartistically over-elaborated. George Vining used to illustrate and imitate every instrument and insect mentioned in the text. But surely there is a happy mean between that and such a reading of it as is given by clever Charles Coghlan. I suppose that Shakspeare intended that something was to be done with it. Presumably he wrote it to be acted, and probably had some actor in his eye when he wrote it. Briefly, then, I should say that the latest version of "Romeo and Juliet" is very beautiful and artistic, but occasionally tiresome and monotonous. If, of course, there is a modern passion and craze for dress—that these things are to rise superior over the most exquisite poetry ever written—many doubtless prefer Juliet's lovely gowns to Juliet's enchanting speeches. I own I am not with them. I would sooner see the play acted in front of three plain walls than that the poem should be dressed off the stage. The old Shaksperian labels, "This is a house," "This is a wood," "This is a street," would be good enough for me, if acting force and virility would arise again.

Sir Augustus Harris has given us another of his cheery snap-shots at society of to-day, to which he has appended the title of grand old Henry Russell's immortal ballad, "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" This was in the old time the song of emigration, and the youth of Old England were asked by that great ballad writer, Charles Mackay—father, be it known, of the young poet, Eric Mackay—to pack up their

traps and be off "To the West! To the West! To the Land of the Free. Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea!" Emigration is even now in the air, only we have exchanged tree-felling and log-rolling for prospecting gold and diamond mines at the Cape. After showing us Hyde Park and Rotten Row in the Season, and polo matches at Hurlingham, and the "at homes" of fashionable ladies in society, and some of the rascality of the City of London, we are taken "straight away," as they say in America, up country at the Cape, with the Boers of Bechuanaland. Much, of course, is made of the heroic story of Wilson and his faithful companions, who died shoulder to shoulder singing "God Save the Queen"; and there is a marriage on the battle-field between the lovely heroine and the hero, *in articulo mortis*. The Drury Lane blend is a very good one. Construction, sport, and poetry are combined in Sir Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh, and Henry Hamilton. This spirited and exciting play, so well acted by Henry Neville, F. Dalton, Lionel Rignold, Hamilton Revelle, Tripp Edgar, Eleanor Calhoun, and last, but decidedly not least, the super-excellent Fanny Brough, has "caught on," as it was bound to do, and Old Drury will be crammed until the national theatre has to be cleared for the children and their beloved Christmas pantomime.

As an addendum to the interesting correspondence which has lately appeared on "Slavery in Fiji," the lecture delivered before the Balloon Society on Sept. 24 by Mr. William Fillingham Parr was distinctly valuable. The lecturer commenced with a brief summary of the history of Fiji; he then alluded to the hardship of the Fijians being compelled to pay £30,645, when they were assessed at less than £20,000. This state of affairs seems almost too extraordinary to be correct; but Mr. Parr has made himself master of his subject with every appearance of thoroughness. In any case, the reply of Sir J. B. Thurston to his strictures hardly meets the various points raised. Doubtless the Colonial Secretary will give his attention to a matter which concerns British justice.

A rumour, which was promptly denied, recently stated that the Earl of Elgin was resigning the Viceroy office in India. There was the less probability of the rumour being true, because of the success which has attended Lord Elgin under very testing circumstances. Affairs in Clutal came very soon in the Viceroy's term of office to make him anxious, and subsequently he has had to determine various intricate matters.

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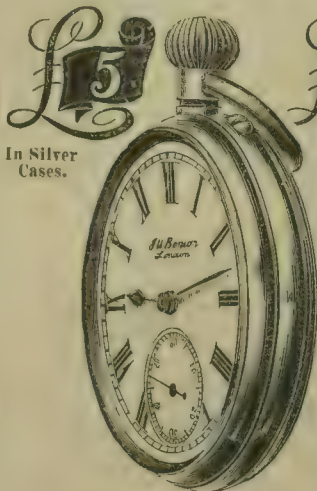
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Churchmen seem to be abandoning the idea of obtaining help for the voluntary schools from the rates. It is felt that ratepayers would demand control, and that when subscribers found the rates available, they would soon cease to subscribe. There is a general feeling in favour of the recommendations of the Archbishop's Committee and further imperial assistance. It is urged that during the last twenty-five years voluntary schools or Church schools have been educating more children than the Board schools, and that this gives them a claim to public money.

The Presbyterian churches in the United States report a membership of considerably exceeding a million. In the North since 1870 the ministers have increased fifty per cent., and the communicants have almost doubled their numbers, while in the South the ratio of growth is very little less.

At the reopening of Kirkstall Abbey the Bishop-designate of Rochester spoke somewhat gloomily. He said that, looking back to the ages which it was once the fashion to despise and call "dark," we were compelled to collect our

thoughts of all that was noblest and best, least material, and most spiritual in the life of to-day, in order to be able with any decency and any shred of self-complacency to bear the comparison with those past ages, and to feel in this nineteenth century that we could face the twelfth.

The new Vicar of Leeds, Prebendary Gibson, did not take honours at Oxford, the reason being that he had to pass a good part of his time upon his back. It was thought that his spine was organically diseased, but happily it was by and by discovered that he was really suffering from a mere mechanical and curable injury due to a terrible football struggle at Charterhouse, in cloisters. He was a very fine football player, and remarkable for his pluck.

The Rev. Talbot Greaves, the well-known Evangelical incumbent of Holy Trinity, Torquay, has purchased the advowsons of St. Mark's Torwood, Torquay, and St. Mary Magdalene, Upton, Torquay, with the object, it is believed, of vesting them in trustees and converting them into Evangelical livings.

Canon Knox Little, who has been staying in Cornwall, spoke at an entertainment given to Sunday school teachers

by the Bishop of Truro and Mrs. Gott. He said that they should let it be known that all their dear Dissenting brethren, who had been separated from them to a great extent by faults of the Church, were baptised into the Church, and when they did not walk in the ways of the Church, they were what he called Crypto-Catholics without knowing it.

A new weekly paper, entitled the *Churchwoman*, will be started immediately.

The American religious papers complain of a recent article by a correspondent of the *Guardian* giving the impression that Christianity was losing its hold of the American people. They point out that the leading denominations increased their communicants in the last decade at the rate of 42.05 per cent., while the growth of the population was only 24.86. In that period the Protestant Episcopal Church gained 188,896 communicants, the regular Baptists 1,132,753, the Lutherans 537,654, the Methodist Episcopal Church 532,941, the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) 379,976, the Presbyterian Church (North) 214,625, the Disciples of Christ 291,051.—V.

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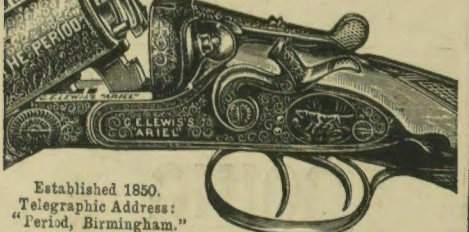
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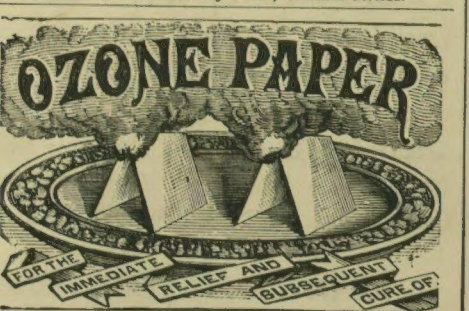
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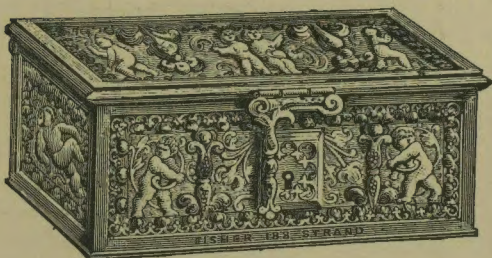
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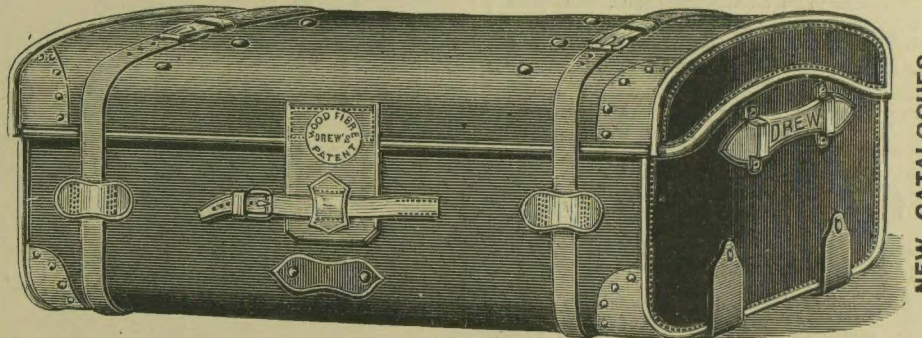
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